No. 312 (New Series). Vol. 6. March 12, 1938

The PASSING SHOW 2D.

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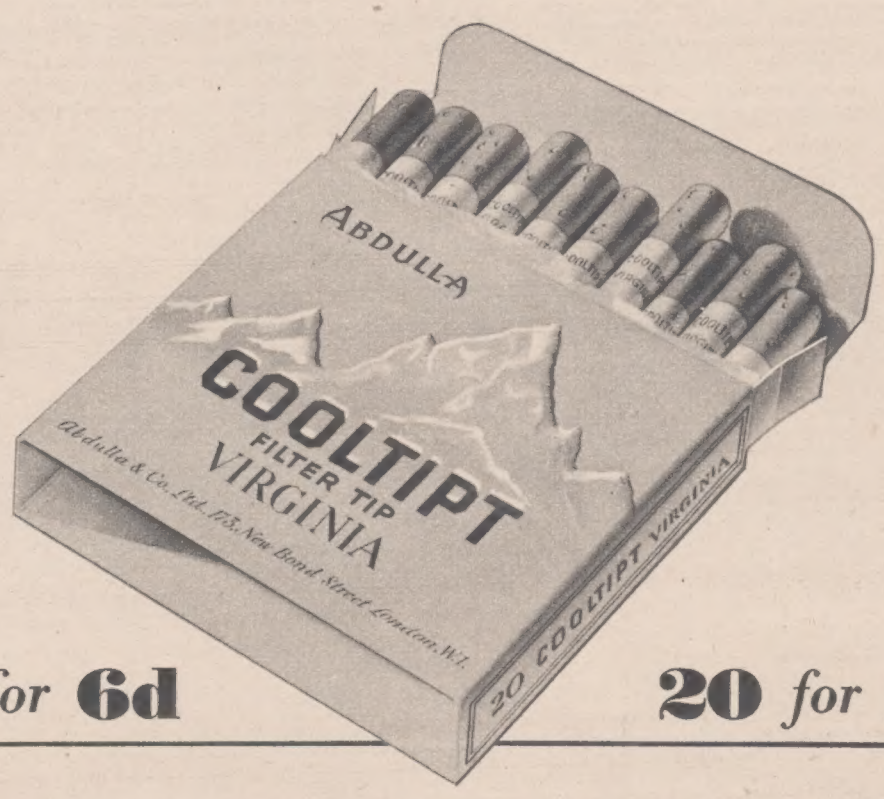

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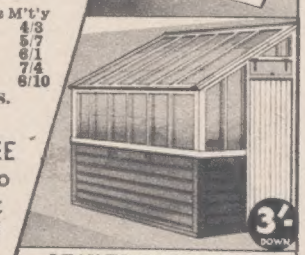

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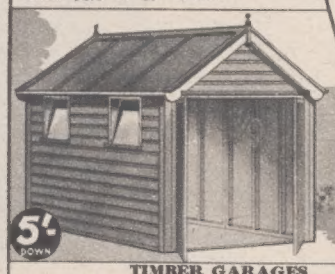

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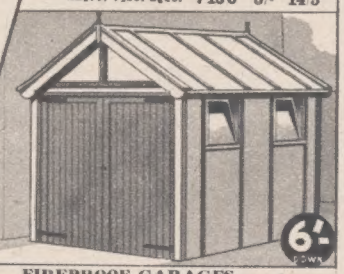

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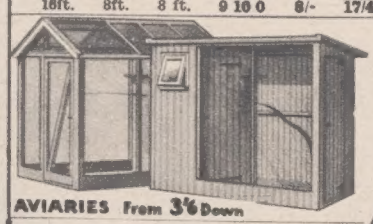

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The PASSING SHOW
No. 312 Vol. 6 MARCH 12, 1938

Judson looked at the defendant

SUCH IS FEAR

Hard-headed Judson had never shown real fear until he hit that isolated jungle village where another white man went in terror of unknown things

by

WILLIAM C. WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCE CATTERMOLE

THE heat from South America hung like a blanket over the island of Trinidad. In Port-of-Spain, the capital city, it stopped nostrils and stuffed throats. A fragment of breeze moved through the windows of the Red House, where the government offices are, but there was neither life nor freshness it it, only more heat. In the court-room on the second floor, the odour of many human beings was as heavy as lead. The judge's bench and the jury box were vacant. Just below the bench the judge's clerk was writing, stopping often to wipe his brow with a yellow handkerchief.

Nearby, three lawyers were going through papers; all three were negroes, educated and customed in London for practice in this British colony. They wore the black robes of the English bar and the white wigs that looked hopelessly comic on them. The spectators' seats were filled with many negroes from the country near Toco, on the other side of the island. The women wore flapping straw hats and dresses of pink, scarlet, and yellow satin; the men were in white, their sleeves rolled up and their powerful arms shining. For them a day in court was a holiday and they whispered to each other happily. The tattered breeze fluffed up bits of conversation in the gentle, fluttering Trinidad accent. Police constables, in white coats and black woollen trousers, scowled and made a fuss but their smiles hinted that they were more uncomfortable than annoyed.

At the sound of a door opening conversation stopped. The judge, so British in manner and appearance, in robe, white wig and white collar, came from the chamber and walked to the bench. Everyone stood up.

Judson, Inspector of Police, in the first row of spectators, pulled uneasily at the collar of his khaki shirt. He was a big man and his face, redder than usual, had the shimmer of perspiration on it. People behind him could guess at his character without seeing his face, by the firm way his square head sat on his broad shoulders, by the way his neck, toughened and wrinkled by twenty years of tropical sun, rose from his limp shirt collar without a curve. As he saw the judge signal to have the jury brought in, Judson felt a touch of nostalgia ; this was the way they did things at home, too. But, at the sight of the strained and curious black faces surrounding him, he realised that he had just experienced one of those increasingly rare moments when a man feels how completely the sea that surrounds an island, closes in a world.

Beside Judson was a younger man, Colin Imbrie, who moved forward nervously as the judge took his seat. He was thirty, with an arresting face. Deep set blue eyes, cleanly moulded forehead and jaw, told of breeding; the way that the lines on his face pointed upward towards one deep line on his forehead and emphasised a high brow, indicated strength. Yet when any expression moved across his face there was a hint of weakness; not weakness from lack of strength so much as the fragility of something delicate.

The jury entered. They were men whose varied faces carried the record of the peoples who have met at this Caribbean cross-road; some faces had a Chinese cast, one was Hindoo, several were mulattoes, one looked like a swarthy Portuguese, several faces were beyond any quick guess, and two were definitely English. Judson looked at them; he saw them avoiding, consciously, any glance at the defendant who was being led in and, from his long court experience, he knew what that meant. He was about to say something to his neighbour but thought better of it and turned away.

"Members of the jury," the judge's voice was resonant, "you have agreed upon a verdict?"

Judson looked at the defendant, a middle-aged negro, standing with a constable at each side. Beads of sweat bulged on his purpled forehead and sweat began to run down the sides of his brow, slowly at first, then faster. His hands grasped at the rail in front of him, then loosened, then tightened again.

The voice of the foreman of the jury spoke and one sentence crackled and echoed in the room. ". . . . guilty of the murder of Eton Churchill."

An outburst of sudden speech was like a thunder-clap over the room. The police guards scowled. More formalities followed until the judge bent low

His hands grasped at the rail

and searched for something under his bench. When he stood up he had a black skullcap atop his wig. "I hereby sentence you, Joseph Bourne," he said, with heavy dignity, "to hang by the neck until dead, upon a date to be set by this court. And may God have mercy on your soul!"

In a rush of voices and shuffling feet the crowd stood up but Judson saw that Imbrie had not moved. "Come over to headquarters and have a drink," he said, taking him by the arm and leading him as if he were dazed.

Neither man spoke until they were in a corner in the officers' lounge in the police headquarters across the way. Then Judson rang for an attendant. "Scotch?"

"Double Scotch," Imbrie said.

Judson waited a moment before beginning conversation, then ventured: "Well, it's finished."

"I'm not satisfied." The lines on Imbrie's forehead were knotted. As if something were on his mind too uncomfortable for words, he added, haltingly: "If it were not for my evidence that man would be free."

Judson scoffed that aside. "Quite so. No one would be convicted if it were not for the evidence of some man or other."

"I can't shake it from my mind," Imbrie said,

(*please turn over*)

weakly. "That is unfortunate when you live in as lonely a place as I do."

"You're that sort of person; all imagination." Sincerely and thankfully, he added: "I'm glad I have no imagination."

"Bourne's innocence is as credible as his guilt," Imbrie argued.

"Nonsense, man." Judson had little patience with that. "You yourself testified that you caught Bourne running away from the murder."

"I was riding along the back road on my place when I saw a man running through the brush." Imbrie spoke dully, as if repeating something told a hundred times. "We had been troubled by coconut thieves, you know, and I thought I had one. I chased him and caught Bourne, one of the workers on the place. He was carrying a cutlass, and it was a horrible mess, bloody and——! I called some men and we went down the road and found Churchill's body—he was my overseer. His head was almost—well, you saw the photograph."

"That story would convict Bourne in my eyes," Judson said.

"According to his story, he was walking along and found the body and saw the cutlass beside it. He decided to steal it and run—they cost several days' wages. So he took it and ran."

"The jury did not believe much of that story."

"But it could be true," Imbrie insisted. "Granted, it was a foolish thing for anyone to do, but on the stand Bourne did not seem overly intelligent."

"There was bad feeling between him and the overseer?"

"Churchill was a driver. Most of my people disliked him." Then, earnestly. "Do you see. Perhaps Bourne did kill him, but it is just as reasonable to believe that he is innocent."

It was unpleasant to see a friend so upset; Judson felt there must be something he could say that would settle Imbrie's uneasiness. "You did not have to decide. The jury decided." He added: "Forget it." That was the advice he would have given himself and would have taken as a matter of course, without a second thought.

Ten days later Judson was on the parade ground at the St. James Barracks, watching a sergeant labour with the newest group of police recruits. The police constables of Trinidad, all native negroes, are also the standing army, and Judson was more concerned with military training than with problems of crime detection and traffic control. As he watched the recruits turn three ways on an order to march forward, he smiled but he was not discouraged. It was always a satisfaction to see how these raw youngsters could be hammered slowly into a pretty fair finished product. After watching the squad straighten out, he walked off. Nothing was particularly pressing this morning. It was a morning like a thousand others had been in his life, like a thousand others would be. That thought pleased him; this work had a small salary and a man was at the whim of the Home Office which keeps a myopic watch over the Crown Colonies, but this work did let a man organise his life and gain a kind of freedom by the very fact of submitting to routine.

An orderly approached. "You are wanted on the telephone, suh."

It was Imbrie. "What are you doing in town, young man?"

"I'd like to see you at the Hotel de Paris," Imbrie said timidly, as if frightened at making the request.

Judson found him in the shaded bar, a rum punch in front of him. His appearance was shocking. He had lost ten pounds and his hand trembled as Judson took it and asked: "What's the matter with you?"

"The heat, I think," Imbrie said, trying hard to make it sound genuine. "I have been in town two days."

Heat had never taken ten pounds from him and made him look like a ghost, but it would be better to ask no questions until Imbrie decided to talk. "You should have called me sooner," Judson chided him.

Imbrie toyed with the glass in front of him. Then, as if he could not hold himself any longer, he spluttered: "I came to town to talk to you, but it took me two days to get the courage to call you."

"And why?" Judson was amazed.

"Because I don't want you to laugh at me. It's that Bourne murder. I sent that man to the gallows and now something, I mean, something——" he stammered after a pause—"something is on my nerves." He looked closely at Judson, to watch his reaction. When he saw nothing to disconcert him, he continued: "You know these natives better than I do. In fact, I don't know them at all. They are secretive when there are any whites about. They tell you what they think you want to hear and nothing more."

Judson nodded. It had taken him a long time to discover that excellent Caribbean axiom.

"You know about 'obeah'——"

At that Judson frowned. He had heard much about obeah, the voodoo and the superstition of the Caribbean, but he kept it filed away in the dusty trash drawer of his mind where he felt it belonged.

"You will say that obeah is the stuff that tourists like to hear about," Imbrie was trying desperately to make himself sound credible. "The sort of stuff old wives worry over—spells and incantations to cure an illness, to get work, to win a husband, or to make a man love you." His voice faltered. "I'm sane, Inspector, at least I was until that murder trial."

"What has obeah to do with that?" Judson tried to hide his concern over Imbrie's condition.

"Bourne has relatives and they know that he is going to the gallows solely because of me and——" His hands reached out in a gesture of futility.

"And what has happened?" Judson asked, quietly.

Imbrie's mouth fluttered in embarrassment. "Don't think me mad when I say, nothing. Nothing at all that I can tell you. I just feel something, that's all."

Obviously it was nervousness and the sort that feeds on itself. Most important, Judson decided at once, he had to be persuaded to get away for a few weeks.

"For instance," Imbrie continued, "I was eating an orange the other day, and I noticed suddenly that it had a peculiar flavour. I examined it and saw what might have been some small holes pricked in the skin. You know the things the 'bush doctors' are supposed to know, a whole Devil's apothecary of drugs and herbs—and poisons."

"Servants sometimes try to put harmless things in food," Judson said, "to make you give them a rise. There is a lot of nonsense like that round. Who is your cook?"

"A woman from the village near my place. Her name is Emily."

"You felt no effects?"

Imbrie smiled weakly. "Only mental ones. I had a sudden fear of poison and ever since that——! Then I thought my cigarettes had a strange taste, as if they had been tampered with."

"Have one of mine," Judson laughed, offering a packet. "No 'obeah man' has touched them." A second later he was sorry that he had tried to jest. The pain in Imbrie's face was very real, as real as any body pain, and he realised that what Imbrie wanted most was to be believed so that he could reassure himself of his own sanity. All of it, Judson was sure, was a type of hysteria induced by a too active imagination, but the resultant fear might be more difficult to uproot than he had supposed.

"It's been impossible to eat anything at home," Imbrie was saying.

"Is Emily any relation to Bourne?"

"I don't believe so. She has a brother, I know, because she has asked me to give him Churchill's place as overseer. I'd dismiss her but, for one thing, I have no proof. If it is someone else who holds a grudge against me, what good will that do? What's a man to do in these parts—he's at the mercy of his cook? Of course, I've questioned her, but she says that many people have the run of the kitchen and that's true. There's a house-boy, Murdock, who is no relation to Bourne. Any one of the twenty workers on the place could come to the house without attracting attention." His fright seemed to have increased, as if repetition of his suspicions had produced a cumulative effect on him. "What do you think?" he asked, helplessly.

"I think it is imagination," Judson said gruffly. "After all, you only have a feeling that someone is trying to poison you. As for nonsense about obeah——!"

"There are two other things," Imbrie said slowly, as if he were forced to speak of them. "On the night before I came into town—I couldn't stick it on the place any longer—I heard Shango drums down in the village."

Then she moved forward slowly and knelt before the drums and made obeisance to each one

Shango, a combination of African superstition and Christian jargon that expresses itself in dancing to drums, was another of the things filed away in Judson's mental trash drawer.

"When some native wishes something," Imbrie said slowly, "he may hire Shango dancers to perform and to find out, in their trance, how he can get what he wants."

"They were probably dancing for tourists," Judson said carelessly. "We could pay the Governor's salary if we put Shango dancers on the steps of the Red House every time a tourist boat is in. I'll speak about it to the Tourist Board."

"I live too far out for tourists," Imbrie answered. "Shango dancers are supposed to be able to tell you how to get rid of an enemy."

"And how to get rid of a cold," Judson said impatiently, "how to win some other fellow's wife and how to get your husband out of jail."

"Quite so, but they will never tell you why they dance." Imbrie's face began to grow greyer. "There is one more thing. The next morning I found one of my handkerchiefs rolled up to resemble a little doll. It was floating face down in my wash basin. You know that obeah believers think that if they can get something belonging to an enemy and harm it, the same harm will befall its owner."

Judson nodded. There were few obeah tales he had not heard. "Your handkerchief may have fallen into the water by accident and your imagination made a doll out of it."

Imbrie shook his head. "An hour later I went bathing in the pool below my place. I got a cramp and nearly drowned." His hand shook as he reached for his drink. "After that I came running into town."

"A coincidence," Judson said. Of course it was a coincidence. He looked around the hotel bar. Nearby some business men were at lunch, talking of such unimaginary things as London copra prices, fuel-oil exports, and bankruptcies. At other tables were groups of tourists, just off some boat or other. Their voices were loud but one woman was louder than the rest and Judson heard her say: "But our chauffeur gypped us, the louse! He charged us four dollars an hour, think of that!" Everything around bespoke a hot and dusty and noisy reality. Judson shook his head. To sit here and to have a man opposite tell him such stories, to imply a belief in the ability of such things to do harm, to build a strait-jacket of fear out of them——!

"You ought to go away for a while," he said frankly, to Imbrie.

"If I go away, it will be for good."

"Then supposing I come up to your place with you for a day or so? I don't believe it will take very long to show you that you have no reason for fear."

Imbrie looked grateful, as if that were what he had lacked the courage to ask.

As they drove the 60 miles to Toco, on the eastern tip of the island, Imbrie had little to say. His face was unrelaxed and the lines on it were deeper. Judson was less concerned with the story that he had told than with the man who had told it; if the important thing were to settle Imbrie's mind for him and to destroy his fear, then the man was more important than the story. He looked at Imbrie, at his delicate face, his long white hands holding the steering-wheel unnecessarily tight. He was scarcely the type for a tropical planter. They were usually a tougher breed; if they lacked toughness when they arrived, then crop prices, bad weather, labour

troubles and, finally, the eternal wondering why they ever became planters, soon toughened them.

When he met Imbrie soon after his arrival, three years before, he was attracted to him when he learned that they came from the same Middlesex town. Three years ago cocoa was selling at "$4.75 a falega, less than the cost of production," yet Imbrie said that he wanted to buy a cocoa plantation. He looked at many and chose the most inaccessible, as if that were the deciding factor. His was a place of beauty, overlooking the sea, but a place badly run down, with some cocoa, some coconuts, and a little citrus on it. Imbrie made no attempt to restore it and he ran it at a loss, but, with a small independent income, that did not seem to concern him; he was in a place where he was not unhappy and that was enough. He lived there alone, rarely coming to Port-of-Spain. There was nothing unusual in that; such recluses are not uncommon in the tropics and Judson had met many of them. He let Imbrie alone, going out on invitation only. The place was always lovely, with the green of the woods behind it and the blue of the sea below.

Imbrie drove for almost two hours before he turned off the main highway and started to climb a little road into the hills. "I drove like a madman down this road two days ago," he said, sheepishly.

It was February, the loveliest month of the year. A hundred different colours, all of them greens, covered the hills. From time to time, as the road climbed higher, a turn flashed a view of the land below, the level land that stretches to the south and east, patched in soft gentle colours; then, nearer, at the base of the hills, covered with the green of cocoa plantations and over them the incredible orange-red of the blossoms of the immortelle trees that shade the cocoa. "I always stop here and look back." Imbrie said suddenly, putting on the brake. "It's lovely, isn't it?"

Judson was surprised that a man with the things that Imbrie had on his mind should think of looking at scenery.

They entered the village where most of the labour on Imbrie's place lived, a group of clay houses with old galvanised roofs, a school, a church, and a store. At first glance it seemed to Judson that nothing mysterious could happen here, along this rutted road where a half-dozen children, almost naked, looked wide-eyed at the automobile. But the look on the adult faces that peered out of doorways, faces as expressionless as the walls of the houses, made him recall the first time he had come among these people alone and his feeling then that there was no way to get at the thoughts behind those faces. Two hours earlier this afternoon he had sat in a hotel bar in a city that was a tropical London in miniature, his own sort of people around him. Here were a different people who lived far across a gap of time and background that emphasised the loneliness of a lone man.

The road to Imbrie's house was a steep climb from the village and went through the best of his cocoa land. Several groups of labourers were cutting off the pods and emptying the beans into baskets; they waved as the car passed. Then a sharp turn and they reached the level on which the house stood. Built off the ground, it had been remodelled so often that it was shapeless and sprawled over the hilltop, with much more room than one man needed. A large saman tree cast a heavy shade over it. A broad verandah looked to the north, down to a coconut grove and on to the sea. All round the house were flowers and vines, but, at a second glance, beyond and beneath the loveliness, they seemed to be concealing something that was crumbling from lack of vigilance. The bougainvillea vines over the house should have been trimmed; the hibiscus hedge was unsightly; some citrus trees at the edge of the lawn needed spraying. The air was heavy with an odour that seemed at times something pungently sweet, then, as the breeze changed, something slightly sour. "Smell the cocoa drying?" Imbrie asked. "I love that odour."

Judson made a wry face. "It always smells sour to me."

Murdock, the house-boy, a small man with flat features and a round head, came to meet them. He seemed pleased that Imbrie had returned and he grinned broadly and pleasantly as he took the luggage from the car. Judson noticed that Imbrie showed no warmth towards him whatever, as if he mistrusted that grin. Emily, the cook, was waiting on the porch. She was large and forty, with a walk that had changed to a waddle twenty years before. She smiled pleasantly, but Imbrie seemed to resent her, too. Judson made a note to talk to her later, alone.

"Make yourself at home in the north room," Imbrie said. It was the nicest room in the house and opened onto a verandah. As always he seemed genuinely glad to have a guest in the house.

Judson looked around while Imbrie changed clothes.

The living-room was lined with books, and the latest English magazines were on the table. To one side, on a little stand, was a typewriter. Judson examined it idly—he remembered that Imbrie had spoken of writing—but there was no ribbon on the machine now and the dust was heavy on its carriage. He went on to the verandah. A lizard flitted from a large crack in the cement steps. As he stood there, feeling, in spite of himself, that there was something musty in the midst of all this beauty, he thought he saw something move on the ground in the shadow of the verandah. He was looking there when Imbrie appeared.

"I thought I saw a scorpion here," he said, "but I must have been wrong. You ought to have your house-boy look round regularly."

"There is a lot to be done," Imbrie admitted. "I've only been conscious of it in the last weeks."

On the hillside below, Judson saw the roofs of the cocoa-drying sheds and coming from them he heard singing. "They're dancing cocoa, I suppose? Let us go down and I can get some sort of idea about the people you have here."

As they went down the hill they passed Murdock who was hanging out some wash. "Have some rum punches ready," Imbrie said. Then, quickly, even before Murdock could grin and answer, he said: "Don't bother. We'll have them later."

That sudden change of mind, Judson decided, was worth a question, later.

At the sheds Judson saw the trays, 20 by 30 feet, mounted on posts and exposed to sun and air. By their sides were rails on which a roof covering could

(*please turn over*)

be pulled at night, or in case of rain. In the full sun a dozen men and women were in the trays, shuffling round and round, turning and polishing the beans with their bare feet. A man was singing an old local song :

"Bad woman, oh, oh, oh,
"Bad woman, aye, aye, aye,
"Bad woman make good man
"Sleep in de old bread van."

The workers stared at Judson, in his khaki shirt and shorts, then smiled. In a ripple of giggles there was a burst of muted comment.

"You can question any of them if you think it worthwhile," Imbrie said wearily. "I can never get anything from them. That woman in blue is Bourne's sister."

Judson called her to him and asked : "Do you think your brother killed Churchill?"

She looked up curiously and he knew she was trying to guess why he asked the question. "De law say so, Inspectah." Then she went back to work.

Judson understood what Imbrie must have felt, alone here. It would be futile to ask direct questions. "Tell me who some of these people are."

"That short man is Emily's brother. That girl in grey is Bourne's daughter, I think." Judson saw a girl with a dull and expressionless face. "There is Churchill's brother." He pointed to a tall, well-built man who was carrying a basket of freshly opened cocoa beans to the fermenting tanks.

Judson walked over to him. "You're Churchill's brother?"

"Yes, suh, I'm Cecil Churchill." He set the basket down and looked at Judson with no apparent curiosity.

"Do you think Bourne killed your brother?"

"I do, suh, and I'd like to lash he in de belly for it. He always brawlin' wit' my brother."

"A very forgiving specimen," Judson said, as they went back to the house. Then he remembered the rum punches. "Why did you change your mind about the drinks?"

Imbrie looked at him apologetically, as if to ask understanding. "I'll make them. I feel that I can't trust any of my help, not even to make me a drink."

Before dinner Judson went to the kitchen to talk to Emily. She was busy at a large range. Some previous planter had installed it, but in true West Indian fashion Emily scorned it and used it to support two charcoal braziers in which she did the cooking.

"Have you noticed anything strange in Mr. Imbrie?" he asked.

Emily considered her answer. "He's worried, Inspectah. He doan eat."

That was not much help. "Did you know Churchill well, Emily?"

"I doan know how good you means by 'well.' He was a fine man, Inspectah. Yes, suh, a fine man has defunct on dis place."

"You weren't related to him?"

"No, suh." There was no doubt about the straightforwardness of that.

"You aren't related to Bourne, Emily?"

"If I is, I not been tole." And she laughed.

These answers told him nothing, and he returned to the verandah, where Imbrie was sitting stolidly in a chair, his gaze fixed on the far horizon. A little later Emily announced dinner.

"You'll have to excuse me," Imbrie said slowly. "I am not hungry."

"Come on, man," Judson said, coaxingly. "Nothing is wrong."

Unwillingly Imbrie led the way to the table in an alcove off the living-room. Emily set a bowl of bouillon at each place; she seemed to be acting naturally, with no sense of the pressure of alertness. Then Judson looked at Imbrie, who sat motionless with the bowl before him. He saw him take a spoon and with strained will power lift it slowly to his mouth. For one in Imbrie's state of mind that did take courage.

"It's bitter," Imbrie said, dropping the spoon. The clatter brought Emily from the kitchen.

Judson tasted the bouillon; it did have a slightly bitter taste. "There's nothing wrong with this, is there, Emily?" he asked casually, knowing that Imbrie was watching intently. "The meat was fresh?"

"They's nuthin' wrong with it, suh."

Judson felt that she was more excited than she should have been but he smiled pleasantly at her. "Supposing you drink Mr. Imbrie's bouillon and bring him another cup. No, drink it right here."

Without hesitation, but without any sense of surprise, she did as she had been ordered.

"Thank you, Inspector," Imbrie said, in a low voice. "Shall we go on with dinner?"

They sat on the verandah, watching the sun set. The house was quiet, in the sort of audible quiet that made any interruption the more annoying. Now and then there was the noise of Emily at something in the kitchen, or the voice of someone shouting in the village below.

"It seems far from Port-of-Spain," Imbrie said thoughtfully. "A distance so great that it can only be measured in centuries, not miles."

"I understand that," Judson said. Port-of-Spain seemed non-existent.

Somewhere in the distance there was a rumbling and a clatter. "My God, what's that?" Imbrie jumped in his chair. Then he answered his own question, against an obligato of his own weak laughter. "Cockrico, wild pheasants, going to roost. You see, Inspector, what shape my nerves are in."

"You ought to get away for a time," Judson said, sympathetically. "Go over to Barbadoes or down to British Guiana."

"All my life I've spent getting away," Imbrie answered regretfully. "Escape from reality, you know. The world you imagine is better, and that sort of thing."

"And now the world you imagine is being spoiled by something you imagine." Judson wanted him very much to admit that.

Imbrie shied away. "I never want to have to leave here. It upsets me terribly to think that something here may be making me go."

"What sort of thing?" This would be a good time to talk that out. "Obeah and that super-natural rubbish? How can beliefs like that harm people?"

The important thing is that people believe that they can," Imbrie said. "They are real for them, therefore for them they have reality. It's like so many things we ourselves believe—they are valid, not necessarily because they are so, but because people believe they are so. And because some of these West Indian peoples do believe such things, well, they take on a reality for them and it might be that they are able to project that reality against others."

Judson had no patience with that. "That's too abstruse for me." This fear of Imbrie's could finally be exploded, perhaps, by an appeal to humour rather than to reason; humour remains after reason has gone. He felt he had to be careful in the choice of each word. "You've let things prey on your mind; ridiculous things, the stories about native superstitions that are only tales for tourists and magazine writers." He laughed scornfully. "I know them all. First you hear about zombies, the dead who return. Then there is 'maljo,' the evil eye. A string of jet beads or a cross is the best protection against that, so I've heard. Then you hear about the *duaines*, who, I understand, are the ghosts of babies who died before they were christened. There is even the *soucouyan*, who is supposed to be a native with the ability to take off his skin and fly through key-holes. Quite a gifted fellow ! Ridiculous nonsense, isn't it?"

Imbrie laughed and Judson was glad to hear the laughter sound normal, unstrained. "The subject certainly sounds like nonsense when you talk about it."

"Beasley ! What the deuce is that salesman doing in the Arctic Circle?"

That was not enough. The subject must be made ridiculous for Imbrie when he thought about it. "Have you heard the local recipe for discovering which of your neighbours is a *soucouyan*? You must see where he leaves his skin and sprinkle salt on it. In the morning, just at daylight, you watch carefully and you can tell which of your neighbours is the monster by the way he jumps around when the salt begins to burn. Any man of intelligence laughs at such things, doesn't he?"

"I think so." Imbrie sounded relaxed. "I'm obliged to you for putting things to me that way."

They sat in silence, watching the play of fire-flies over the lawn. Then Imbrie said, "Listen !" From somewhere in the valley below a drum began to beat, slow, heavy, deliberate. Two other drums joined it, quicker, higher pitched. Just as Judson was wishing he might see Imbrie's face, Imbrie jumped up, as if he were breaking loose from something. "But tell me," his voice cracked, "why do those Shango drums beat?"

"We can go down and ask," Judson said, calmly. He rose and started to leave the verandah, but Imbrie hesitated. "Come along and see what it is that makes you uneasy—a few field hands hopping around in the dust on their big bare feet !"

Imbrie followed slowly. "I never heard them here until after this murder."

Convinced that this would be the last step in ending Imbrie's fears, Judson walked ahead, his long arms swinging easily at his side. They followed the beat of the drums through the night. As they came to the outskirts of the village where kerosene torches burned, Judson could see a crowd gathered around a little structure that was only a palm leaf roofing supported by four poles. The flickering lights made shadows dance in the leaves of the surrounding trees. With Imbrie close behind, Judson stopped at the edge of the crowd. Under the roofing three men, on benches, held drums with their knees and beat on them with both hands. In front of the drummers a man and a woman were dancing. The man was weaving from the hips, his shoulders swaying; the woman stood beside him, her whole body in time to the beat. Then she moved forward slowly, shuddering with each step, and knelt before the drums and made obeisance to each one. Her face, passive until this moment, now became a thing alive.

"St. Michael's ridin' her," a man next to Judson said.

Judson was annoyed to find that he was held by what he saw and more annoyed at his eagerness to see what followed. He could hear Imbrie breathing heavily. Then, as he watched, the girl rose, stood erect for a moment and, with a shiver that rippled from head to foot, she fell backward. Men were waiting to catch her.

"She's been took," a woman in front of Judson panted. He heard Imbrie gasp, and felt his hand tighten on his arm. Disgust rose in him, then anger at not having stopped this sooner. He stepped forward quickly and the drums stopped dead.

"That will be enough of this," he said sternly. "Who is in charge?"

"De high pries' ovah theah." The drummer pointed to a man with a surly face who was probably a road-mender by day.

Judson went to him, but before he could speak the man said, "De nuthin' illegal, Inspectah. We stop at ten o'clock so as not to keep anybody awake."

"It isn't that." Judson turned to make sure that Imbrie was close behind him. He had to hear every word. "Usually you dance for some purpose. What is it to-night?"

"Supposin' someone is sick. Dey hire Shango; den in de trance de dancer get de cure. When she out of it she doan remember nothin' 'bout de dance but she remember what Saint John de Baptist tole her."

"I understand that," Judson said severely. "I want to know who hired you."

The high priest looked defiant until he saw the threat darken on Judson's face. "It was Emily, Mr. Imbrie's cook."

Imbrie led the way back to the house, walking so rapidly that Judson found it difficult to follow

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SHORT SHORT STORY showing you should not set traps to catch romance

PROOF NEGATIVE

BY A. P. GARLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ORME

AT fifty years of age, Mrs. Hilton was an incurable old romantic, as her daughter Barbara called her. The mother was a film-fan who thrilled to every situation in an emotional drama and who revelled in novels in which the heroine was one hundred per cent. beautiful, good and trusting, the hero a sort of King Arthur and the villain so bad that even blood-hounds would turn from him with disgust.

That's why Barbara listened amusedly to her mother's advice about her future.

"Follow your heart," she'd say to the girl, "and you can't go far wrong."

Now, that advice might suit factory girls or the like, but in the case of Barbara—well, you see, she happened to have inherited one hundred thousand pounds, which made things somewhat complicated.

The money had come to her from her father, who'd been an English broker in New York a year before, when she'd been twenty-four years old, and ever since, Barbara had been planning her future with a cold-blooded calm that left her mother pop-eyed. For the latter had had the crude notion that Barbara would settle down in London until Prince Charming should come along. For, as the good lady argued to herself, it wasn't as if Barbara had only her wealth with which to attract a man. On the contrary, she was very handsome in the classic style—put her in flowing robes and she could step on to a pedestal as Minerva—she was well educated, well-mannered, graceful and decidedly intelligent. The future husband would be a lucky man.

Yet one year had to pass before she found a man capable of making her heart give one extra flutter, and then—so do the Fates mock mortals—there were two of him. Yes, tragic as it must appear, Barbara fell in love almost simultaneously with two men and, after a week or so, in regard to the man she wanted as a husband, she couldn't tell t'other from which.

Here I'd like to make it clear that Barbara's passion for either of the men was not of the devastating kind one might expect from Iseult, Héloïse or Juliet. She was not the type to let herself go. All that can be said is that Edmund Rendley and Tony Grayle seemed to possess all the qualities she asked for in a husband.

Both were good-looking, youngish, well bred and fairly prosperous, yet they differed in this particular, that whereas Edmund, with his solid sense, would be a tower of strength in time of trouble, Tony, who was something of a poet and inclined to be irresponsible, would be the more delightful companion when the sun shone and sweet birds sang.

"I really don't know which I prefer," said Barbara, perplexedly, to her mother. "With either I'm sure I could be happy."

Mrs. Hilton, thus appealed to, went into the problem with delight.

"I do not think, my dear," she replied, "that a girl can really love two men equally well. That is why, I suppose, the law does not permit a wife to have two husbands."

"I don't want two husbands," said Barbara, firmly.

"Of course not. Imagine having a visiting card with two names on it: 'Mrs. Jones;' also 'Mrs. Smith.' It would be so awkward having to explain things. But, my dear, I'm sure that in your heart of hearts you really prefer either Edmund or Tony. All you have to do is to find out which."

Barbara sighed. Her mother was not very helpful.

"I like them equally well," she answered firmly.

"But," went on the other, enthusiastically, "which of the two sweeps you off your feet and carries you away to fairy lands forlorn?"

The daughter looked hard at her mother. Had the latter been drinking? But no. Mrs. Hilton, when she hit the high spots, did so on iced ginger ale.

"I tell you," said Barbara angrily, "that either of them would be all right as a husband. But I have to decide which it is to be—Tony or Edmund. They are equally attentive and any day now either—or both, may propose to me."

"How splendid!" Mrs. Hilton's eyes shone. This was romance of a high order. "But, as you were saying, dear, it is important that you should make up your mind. It is only fair to the young men."

Just then Barbara was not worrying much about being fair or otherwise to the young men; it was her own future that concerned her.

"I have tried and tried," she confessed. "I have matched Edmund against Tony in every way, and still I don't know which to choose."

Mrs. Hilton sighed. This form of the eternal triangle was undoubtedly a corker.

"Do they both love you equally well?" she asked.

"As far as I can tell—yes."

"And they both love you for yourself alone?"

Barbara made a face.

"What do you mean?" she asked angrily. "Do you suggest they're after my money?"

"I never said any such thing," replied Mrs. Hilton.

But her remarks had planted a spark of suspicion in the girl's mind.

"Men are mercenary, I suppose," she muttered, as if to herself.

"Only some, dear," said her mother, hastily. "For instance, when I married your father all I owned was——"

"I know," interrupted Barbara. She wasn't going to let her mother dredge in her sentimental past. "I wish I knew a way of finding out whether a man is mercenary or not."

There was a pause and then something seemed to strike Mrs. Hilton hard on the back of the head. It was an idea.

"Oh, Barbara," said she, hesitantly, "if you really—if you did want to do that——"

"Do what?"

"What you said—find out if either of those young men had mercenary motives. If so, there's a way."

"What do you mean?"

"Something I saw in a film one time. I think it was at Weston-Super-Mare. That time I had earache. It was about a woman—a very rich widow, you know—and she wanted to find out which of her lovers wanted her money and which didn't—that is, if either of them did or didn't. So she made a test, and it came all right in the end, and she married Robert. I was glad she did. He had curly hair and such nice teeth. I always think nice teeth make such a difference."

Barbara was interested and by close questioning she managed to get details of the story And out of it she framed a plot which she hoped would solve her own problem.

Therefore she encouraged, alternatively, Edmund and Tony, each without the knowledge of the other, and adroitly brought them to the point where each was on the verge of proposing to her. Then she invited them separately to have tea with her at her luxurious flat, Edmund on the Wednesday, and Tony on the following Thursday, at four o'clock.

Next she went to her solicitors and surreptitiously purloined several sheets of their notepaper which she took home with her. Then, on her portable typewriter, she wrote a letter purporting to come from the solicitors to herself, in which they informed her that a cable from New York had advised them that, owing to mishandling by the directors, the great financial corporation in which all her fortune was invested had come to grief and that scarcely one thousand dollars would be left her. The solicitors added that they had got in touch with New York by transatlantic telephone and that the bad news had been fully confirmed.

"Now," Barbara told her mother, "I'll post this to myself to give it a genuine air, and I'll leave it opened and lying on the floor, just behind the settee in the lounge, as though I had dropped it. When Edmund comes on Wednesday you are to receive him, take him into the lounge, tell him you're just going out and explain that I shan't be down for ten minutes or so, as I've just had some bad news and am very upset. He'll be left alone in the room and is sure to see the letter and read it, and then I shall know if he's a fortune-hunter or not."

"Yes, dear," said her mother, approvingly." A gentleman wouldn't read another person's letter, but a fortune-hunter is no gentleman."

"Then," continued Barbara, "you can do the same thing the next day with John. That ought to settle things."

It was three minutes to four on Wednesday afternoon when Edmund Rendley was left alone in the Hiltons' lounge. At four o'clock precisely, he rang for the maid, told her he'd suddenly remembered a terribly important engagement, asked her to apologise to Miss Barbara for him and then shot like a bullet through the hall-door into the corridor.

From behind the curtain of another room Barbara watched him go and her charming lips could have been seen to frame the simple word "Squirt."

At three minutes to four on the Thursday afternoon, Tony Grayle was left alone in the Hiltons' lounge. At ten minutes past four he had his arms around Barbara and was asking her to marry him.

So Tony passed the test and Mrs. Hilton remarked, brightly, "Love conquers all."

The happy couple were driving away on their honeymoon trip when Tony remarked, "Funny thing, darling, I was within an ace of proposing to the wrong girl."

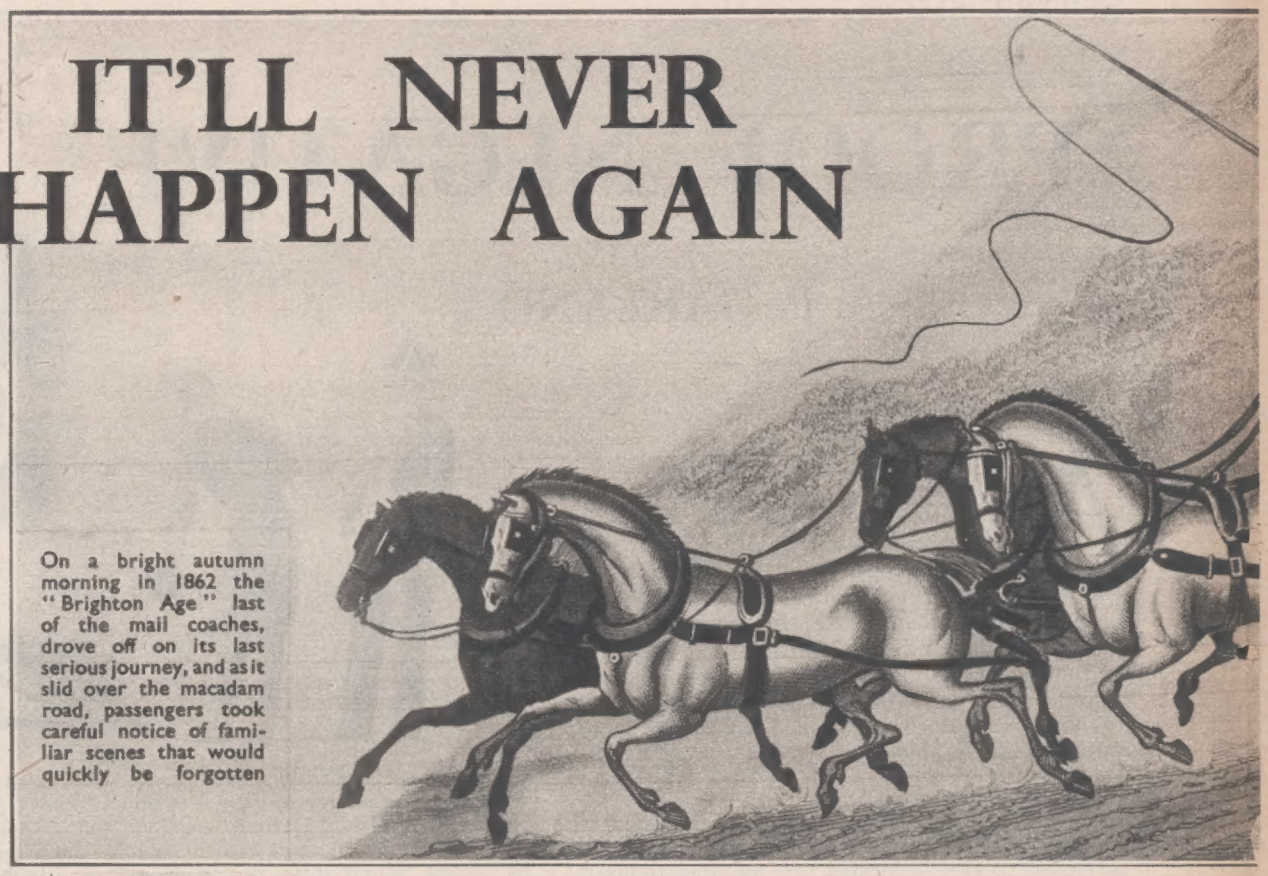
"How was that, dear?" said the happy Barbara.

"Well, that day you asked me to tea, I walked into the building next door and found that the right-hand flat on the ground floor belonged to some people named Green. They put me right."

"But didn't you see the list of numbers inside the hall?"

"I couldn't. You see, it was this way. I'd come straight from Wigmore Street where I'd been having my eyes tested by a specialist. He'd put atropine in them and it must have been an overdose because for about the next hour I couldn't read a line."

. . . AND IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN



On a bright autumn morning in 1862 the "Brighton Age" last of the mail coaches, drove off on its last serious journey, and as it slid over the macadam road, passengers took careful notice of familiar scenes that would quickly be forgotten

NOBODY, so Dr. Johnson said, ever does a thing consciously for the last time without a feeling of sadness. But that is too big a generalisation to be true. Here and there among the happenings of the past years, some last occasions stand out in our minds, and in the memory of many who saw them as last outbursts of a very bad old order, their finality a thing at which to rejoice.

One of them was certainly the last slaying for witchcraft. The law had already been amended in 1735 to the form it takes to-day, laying it down that as witchcraft is imposture, nobody can be put to death for it, but that those who purport to dabble in such a thing will be punished as frauds.

But ten years after that law was passed and thirty-three years after the last trial for witchcraft in England had ended at Hertford Assizes (although the jury found Joanna Wenham guilty, the judge refused to convict her,) the people of Hertfordshire were still many years behind the law and the judges.

Ruth Osborne was a poor old crone who, in the year 1745, might be seen any day tapping her way through the streets of Tring to beg a little charity from her neighbours.

A respectable publican of that town, called Henry Butterfield, was annoyed by her once while he was serving his customers, and roughly he hustled the beggar woman out of his bar-parlour while she pleaded for a bowl of milk.

As he shooed her off, she lifted her crutch, mumbling that she wished the Pretender (Charles Edward Stuart, who was invading Scotland at that time) might come down and carry off his cattle.

Now Mr. Butterfield had a long memory, and when he fell unaccountably sick, in 1750, he remembered the old woman's curse and started telling the topers over his counter that he was sure Ruth Osborne and her man had put a devilish spell on him.

When on top of this he lost two cows through foot-and-mouth disease, his worst suspicions were borne out. The Hertfordshire worthies nodded their heads over this, saying the judge had not known what he was about when he dismissed Joanna Wenham at Hertford 'Sizes, as well they remembered.

In this they were fortified by the opinion of half the local clergy, as well as by the pronouncements of the greatest living lawyer, Blackstone, and the most sincere of contemporary preachers, John Wesley.

Still, they wouldn't condemn anybody wrongly, that they wouldn't. So, to show their complete impartiality about the existence of witchcraft, as well as their disapproval of the practice, they sent for a famous Northamptonshire witch to tell them whether Henry Butterfield had a spell on him or not.

The wise woman was quite sure of it. She walked about the inn and the stables muttering incantations to take off the curse, she set six strong yokels armed with pitchforks and fortified with amulets and charms hung about their necks, to guard the doors, and she settled down with the Butterfields till the spell should wear off, which it obstinately refused to do.

Then neighbour Thomas Colley proposed a more effective and profitable remedy, and the towncriers of Tring, Winslow, Hemel Hempstead, and Leighton Buzzard were sent out to proclaim that on Monday next a man and woman would be publicly ducked in Tring Pond for their wicked crimes.

The news brought all the riffraff of Hertfordshire into Tring and incidentally into Butterfield's bar, and a mighty trade he did with them.

Meanwhile the parish overseer sent for Ruth Osborne, together with John, her husband (both of them were well over seventy,) and lodged them in the workhouse for their safety. The master of the workhouse conveyed them secretly to the vestry of the Parish Church on Sunday night, and early on the Monday the whole mob came to look for them.

They swarmed about the workhouse on horseback and afoot, five thousand of them, smashing in the windows, battering at the great oak doors. Again and again the master of the workhouse protested that the Osbornes were not there.

This they would not believe. They broke in. They wrecked the whole building, breaking open the drawers of cabinets, and even into a little salt box large enough only to hold a cat, in which they believed that a witch could hide herself by her infernal arts. And when they could not find their quarry, they set the straw alight and threatened to scorch the workhouse master till he betrayed them.

Then the man told them. So the crowd burst into the vestry. The vicar, the Reverend Mr. Randall, did not try to stop them, so they dragged the old pair out and down to the pond.

Again and again the wretched old people were plunged under the water, while one local citizen went around to take up a collection for the good sport. At last they hauled the old woman out dead, and strapped her husband to her corpse till he perished from exposure.

It was as difficult in those days to induce the ordinary jury to find against a man for murdering a witch in Hertfordshire as it is to make a jury indict a man for lynching a negro in Alabama to-day.

Indeed, it was not long since a west country jury had brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide against the murderers of an old body accused of witchcraft at Frome. But authority was determined to make an example, and when the coroner sat, a special jury of twelve gentlemen, prominent in the county, had been specially impanelled.

Coming from a class among whom it had been unfashionable to believe in witches for the past fifty years and, by inclination, averse to such outbreaks of mob violence as this, they brought in a unanimous finding of wilful murder against Thomas Colley and twenty-one persons unknown.

So the witchfinder instead of the witch stood his trial for the first time in English history. It was at Hertford Assizes. The town was full of sympathisers, but the militia was mustered at the shire hall and the local prejudices of the county had no weight with a High Court judge.

Colley was sentenced to be hanged and his body gibbeted for an example at the scene of his crime. He was brought out of St. Albans' gaol on August 22, guarded by an entire squadron of the Blues, with pistols loaded in their holsters. He died protesting his belief in witches in general and Ruth Osborne in particular, and the crowd hanging back from the scaffold jeered at the hangman and muttered it was a hard thing indeed to hang a man for destroying a wicked old witch.

But the example was effective. Ruth Osborne was the last reputed witch ever to die in England by mob violence.

Although the last English "witch" was tried in 1712, and the last died for that "crime," by mob law, in 1751, the last pirates who stood their trial in this country appeared in the dock within the memory of many people who are still alive.

Six Spanish subjects, born in Manila, one Greek and one Turk appeared at the Old Bailey in February, 1864, before Baron Bramwell, charged with murder and piracy on the high seas within the Admiralty Jurisdiction of England.

Slowly, with emphasis, yet with an understatement that the incredible thing allowed, the Solicitor-General explained that the prisoners were members of the crew of the sailing ship, *Flowery Land*, which sailed on July 28, 1863, with a cargo of wine from the Port of London bound for Singapore by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

Of the twenty in her company, six were Spaniards, one a Frenchman, one a Greek, one a Turk, one a Slavonian, one a Norwegian, and three Chinamen, and there was an English cabin-boy.

The captain, John Smith, was taking his brother George along as a passenger, and there were two mates, both Englishmen.

There was trouble all the way. The crew were unruly and unwilling; the captain was kindly but hot-tempered, and abused his men for coolies and worse; the first mate used a rope's end on one sailor and tied another to a bulwark, at which Captain Smith was sorry and came up with cordials to revive the victim.

Things got steadily worse. The six Manila men, the Greek, Carlos, and Vato, the Turk, began to grumble openly and to sound their shipmates.

It was six weeks after leaving port and off the western coast of Africa during the mate's watch that the eight assembled on deck with handspikes. They set on the mate as he walked the deck. They beat him unconscious as he lay flat on the boards, and stamped and smashed his face till every feature was obliterated.

At this point the Solicitor-General paused and there was a hush in the crowded court. Then more quickly he concluded his story.

As the captain and his brother came up the companionway from their cabins, the mutineers sprang on them with naked knives and stabbed at them till they fell dead. Then they took over the ship.

Many people alive to-day can remember the last pirates who stood their trial in this country; the trial lasted three days and five men walked out to the gallows. Four years later the last public execution took place

BY GEORGE EDINGER

Alone of her officers, Mr. Taffir, the second mate, was left alive. Presumably somebody skilled in navigation was needed to sail the ship. He sailed her across the Atlantic for three weeks, out of the general course of shipping, to the estuary of the River Plate.

There they divided the cargo and the money found aboard and scuttled the good ship *Flowery Land*.

Learned counsel was "pained to observe" that of the three Chinamen, "the cook and the poor Chinese boy, the lamp-trimmer, were left to go down with her. The cook was seen last clinging to the maintop and imploring mercy. The steward was stoned to death while struggling for life in the sea.

With the tears in his eyes, Taffir the second mate described how he came upon the captain dead with a rope tied around him, preparatory to being thrown overboard, and how he begged leave to sew up the body in a canvas sheet.

He described all the stages of their nightmare journey across the Atlantic; how he heard the only one of the prisoners who could speak English interfering on his behalf.

He recounted the conversation when he asked whither he should sail the ship, and heard Carlos (the Greek) saying, "Buenos Aires is a good place, as there are no English authorities there and the people are Spaniards."

The trial lasted for three days. Various counsel for the defence tried to minimise their clients' share of responsibility. The Solicitor-General said that all who had any part in the murder were equally guilty. With effect he recalled that of the twenty people who sailed in the *Flowery Land*, six were dead, six were witnesses, and eight were prisoners.

Baron Bramwell pronounced sentence. Seven men were to die by hanging and Carlos was acquitted. Two were reprieved and five actually walked out to the gallows, four Spaniards and the Turk.

The execution speeded one more last occasion. A record crowd gathered to look on, and their behaviour roused a storm of disgust.

"S'help me, ain't it fine . . . Five of them, all darkies, in a row."

"Like to act Jack Ketch to the lot o' them, I would."

The demand to end public executions became irresistible.

Four years later, in May, 1868, the last public execution was seen in England.

The victim, Michael Barret, had blown several innocent people to death by his part in exploding a wall of Clerkenwell Prison, where some captured Fenians were being held for armed rebellion in Ireland.

This occasion was marked by the complete apathy of the London populace. At first it looked otherwise. Eighteen hundred people were hanging around Newgate Street at 11 o'clock on the eve of the execution and the public houses did a roaring trade with "as unpleasant-looking scoundrels as ever gloated on a gallows."

Dawn broke: "the pressure at the barriers never was great." There was little of the ribaldry, drunkenness and shocking levity, long associated with these scenes. A single street preacher at the barrier was listened to attentively and people took the tracts that were distributed among them without "jeering or blasphemy."

There was a listlessness about this last crowd and when the bell began ringing at 7.30 in the morning, it jolted the silence uncomfortably. The sheriffs, Alderman Stone, and Mr. McArthur, arrived at the prison shortly before eight and on the stroke of the city clocks the prisoner appeared pinioned.

First there was a little clapping, soon drowned in groans and vigorous hooting, then silence, as all hats were swept off.

Barret looked on the crowd with a calm face as the executioner, Calcraft, adjusted the straps. He held the priest's hand and "joined fervently in prayers for his soul."

The body swung round once or twice. Then all was over. The rush through the barrier and into Ludgate Hill upset the traffic for a minute. People seemed glad to get away.

It was at the White Horse cellars, now Hatchett's Restaurant, in Piccadilly, and the Brighton coach was just starting off. Nothing strange about that, perhaps, since it had happened so often, so very often, before.

Only it was not going to happen again. The railways had come, had spread themselves all over the face of England, and though it was hoped that some effort might later be made, as in fact it *was* made, to revive coaching as a sport, all such revivals were bound to have that air of artificiality with which we now associate folk dancing.

But on this autumn morning, in 1862, the "Brighton Age," last of the mail coaches, was really off on its last serious journey.

The shining primrose-painted vehicle stood in the yard with its four greys, two leaders and two wheelers.

It was full up inside and out, and the red-coated, beaver-hatted guard clambered into his seat behind. "Time up," he shouted.

"All right," the coachman cried to the ostlers. The blue horse cloths were swept off, the traces tightened, there was a rattle of pole chains, and the guard blew seven notes on his 3-ft. horn, and away went the "Age," rumbling over the London stones.

And as they slid over the macadam road to the south (roads were never so good, nor coaches as fast, as on the day that coaches ceased to run) the passengers in the "Brighton Age" took careful notice of all the scenes that were so long familiar and would be so quickly forgotten.

The hare or pheasants dropped off at the cottage doors, the bundle of newspapers thrown to the innkeeper, the eager groups that ran out as the guard blew his horn coming into the villages.

And always the most prominent in that group was the blacksmith. sooty spectre in a brown paper cap, one of them called him, who looked wistfully after the vanishing dust cloud, wondering what the change would mean to him.

In the next year Charles Dickens recorded his impressions of a once prosperous coaching tavern:

"The old room where the passengers used to dine had nothing in it but a wretched show of twigs and flower-pots in the window to hide its nakedness. The old fraudulent candles, always paid for but never used, were burnt out at last. The covered pillared entrance to the yard once redolent of soup now redolent of musty disuse. The opposition house had long collapsed. The harness makers and corn dealers were gone out of business and trade was bitter bad."

And so Progress, as we call it, marches on to the next age, and nobody worries much about the people it stamps down in its stride.

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LIVE AND LET LAUGH!

The dose of humour is not mentioned in the British Pharmacopoeia, nor is there any agreed system of prescribing the therapeutic laughter, but our author says we can never remain healthy and wise unless we make laughter our physician extraordinary

BY DR. HAY-SCOTT

LET us examine the contentious elements of our mouldering body and see what place mirthful jollity takes in the struggle against loathèd melancholy. The psychologists, all brainy fellows, who know so much about our minds that it would seem that very soon the old profession of telling a lie will be out of business, have made it clear that all our daily work and all our common tasks depend upon an inward struggle against primitive urges.

If we satisfy these primitive urges, generally acknowledged to be based on those of sex and self-preservation, we have nothing to grumble about and life is generally "of the essence," but a ghastly civilisation has inflicted so much of the policy of "Thou shalt not" upon us, that our whole existence is fraught with a never-ending series of mental conflicts, in which a frolicsome, egregious inner man is struggling against the stern and restrictive domination of an outer man who is continually reminding him, with old-school-tie admonition, that this or that is not done.

So that the machine formed of mind and body, so closely intermingled that it is impossible to separate the action of one from the action of the other, is always doing its work with the brake on. We may not be aware of this brake. We may complacently, but with suffering, accept all the mechanisms of life as the natural reaction of an organism to its environment; but what a different life there would be for us if that brake were taken off.

Worry, anxiety, fear, melancholy and general negativism would vanish into thin air and in their place we should have joy, gladness, mirth, laughter and, indeed, all the attributes of the positive mind.

The penalty we pay for civilisation is constant and irksome adjustment of ourselves to conditions that have been imposed upon us by evolution, and consistently turn us away from the natural and primitive life for which undoubtedly we were all intended. The savage, the child, or the simple man of the woods all impress us with their ingenuous *joie-de-vivre*. Their troubles are transient, and they have that ebullient and never-ending airiness that makes us sigh drearily and wish we that could begin life all over again, fresh, sweet, and natural.

That is the position to-day and it is a product of hundreds of years of slow, steady, silent and almost sinister development of habits, customs, reactions, and mechanisms, which fundamentally, although we may not be aware of it, go against the grain. No wonder, then, that we are so often down in the dumps and of such lugubrious attitude that when a smile flickers about the corners of our drooping lips our friends remark that there must be something wrong with us.

We have lost the art of knowing how to smile, of exercising our cheerfulness, and of being sure that when we do the things we want to do there is no nastiness about it and no guilt and no shame, as the kill-joys would have us believe.

Sickness, no matter whether it be mainly mental or mainly physical, is the end of a long period of error, and the beginning of the readjustment process. For instance, if we have a varicose vein that bursts and causes us to lie in bed for a week or two, it is the climax of the wrong process of thinking, and it is the beginning of a great re-education. Nature has been pointing the warning finger for weeks or months or years, telling us to do something about that weariness of the feet at night, and to take some measures to counteract the increased strain on the veins.

Probably because of fear of losing a job, or a desire for some superficial and flippant pleasure, we have either omitted to alter our work routine, or we have continued with our overdose of strained enjoyment and so, at last, Nature has had to give us the knock-out blow.

The same theory may be applied to any illness; neglect of the common and simple laws of hygiene eventually enforces Nature to act in the way she has done. Nor can we say that she is harsh, because we have to admit in fact, that she is very generous, very long-suffering and kind to us, even although she may sometimes appear to be cruel.

Why should we not then, when we are sick, persuade ourselves (if, indeed, we have not been already persuaded) that it is best to turn full on our supply of positivity and let loose all our inhibitions and so exercise to the full our humorous faculties. It may sound a rebellious and dreadful philosophy in the face of the dark and furrowed brow that prevails over everything associated with being ill.

But there is a great deal of sense in harking back to the primitive, and in calling up all the forces of positivity, including that prime healing power known as mirth. You can search the whole of literature and, even if you are a confirmed misanthrope, you will be stumbling continually against obstacles in your path of gloom by finding that everybody, who was anybody, has had something to say about the value of happiness and merriment, and of cheerfulness and laughter, as a general tonic of the body and soul.

"Mirth is God's medicine," said Oliver Wendell Holmes. A celebrated Mr. Crane said that to laugh is probably the best medicine ever discovered. A very jocular Irishman called Murphy remarked once to a friend: "Cheerfulness, sir, is the principal ingredient in the composition of health."

Apart from illness, however, there is a far greater field for the development of the sense of humour in our everyday life of health. The man who cuts the traces and escapes from the safety of respectable, self-satisfied propriety, to put a little red paint on the tip of his nose and brave the glare of the footlights, may cause, by suggestion (always properly regarded in its strictly psychological sense of course,) convulsive laughter in the thousands who are his audience.

Laughter is there waiting to be turned on, and it seems the simplest matter in the world to do it. Yet how few among us are real comedians; how few have that divine gift, that limitless power, of setting us all into the state of genial risibility which, in a few minutes, removes all the trappings of artificiality from us and makes us a united group, laughing and growing fitter and more human in the laughing?

Even from the purely physiological point of view, laughter is a magnificent exercise. We have not yet reached the stage at which we can lie down on the bedroom floor for half an hour in the morning and, under the influence of a little hot music or swing rhythm from the radio, roll about in pyjamas and paroxysms of mirth, convulsed with laughter until all the endocrine glands clear themselves of their reserve juices, the sweat oozes from the pores, and all yesterday's excesses of protein, fat and carbo-hydrate escape from the system through the skin.

In time that may come, and it may be that those rows of disgruntled English faces in the railway carriage *en route* for Waterloo every morning, may relax more freely and may demonstrate the muscles of risibility more frequently, as Mr. Brown of Surbiton boasts to Mr. Smith of Malden that his capacity in daily giggles is now not less than thirty to the half-hour.

Laughter is brave and laughter makes other men valiant. Think of the effect of the man who has guffawed in the midst of disaster and immediately turned the tide flowing against him. Think of the numbers of doubtful, tremulous, apprehensive, timid people who scan the face of the strong man and who sigh with relief when they see him smile. There is nothing greater in infectivity than the very tolerable malady of laughter; and there is no action that is so dramatic and so convincing as grief or anxiety suddenly turned to laughter.

If proof were needed of this, just reflect for a moment on the scene in the cinema when, after stark tragedy has been strutting across the silver screen, we discover that Joe E. Brown has just burst his pants. It is a crisis of emotional triumph.

Diogenes, living as he did like a dog in a kennel, nevertheless had a broad enough outlook to remark that the human race was either a colossal tragedy or a colossal joke; and so he asked why should we not all laugh at life. Martial, that famous Roman of old, has told us that life consists, not in living, but in *enjoying life*. And do not forget the sensible tag, "Laughing long life doth bring, says old Simon the King."

It is clear, then, that there is a good case for the sense of humour. This faculty, the expression of which is the signal of a conquest of the negative forces in the mind, has to be exercised often and satisfactorily, if it is to do any good. There is the hysterical laughter of the person who strains himself to laugh and is making a fool of Nature by adopting insincere expressions of a joy that is not really in being.

There is the Homeric laughter which is sadistic and, in its very derisiveness, is more dangerous than a sigh or a flood of tears. But we want none of these. We want the constant brightness of outlook, the continued cheerful interpretation of all that happens to us, the readiness to smile and overcome the numerous minor worries of life, and the desire and will to let ourselves go in healthy, hearty convulsions when we have the opportunity to do so.

In the holocaust of to-day's burning world, there is probably greater need for cheerfulness and mirth than ever there was. Despite the fact that we live in stirring times, the pot of sensation is constantly boiling over, and optimism and steadfast belief in happiness are essential so that we can regard the resultant mess with equanimity. Consequently there is a strong need for all of us to cultivate our minds, and our bodies, too, so that we may become "conditioned" to humour, which does not mean that we should look for it, but that we should always have it ready, cocked like a trigger, to fire a salvo of fun.

GONE AWAY GALE

The whining, eager voices of the hounds, the shrill, piping cries of the huntsmen, the thunder of hooves, a horse's impatient neighing and the silvery *ta-ran-ta-ra* of a horn—they're all here

BY L. PATRICK GREENE

ILLUSTRATED BY S. TRESILIAN

WHIP GALE sat astride the top of a five-barred gate, gazing contentedly across a gentle, undulating landscape of green fields and trim hedge-rows which blazed red, here and there, with winter berries. On his head he wore a black velvet jockey cap; his coat was a faded scarlet and much too big for his shrunken form; beneath he wore a black and yellow checked waistcoat with large golden buttons. His stock was yellowed with age, neatly tied and fastened with a large horseshoe tie pin. His riding breeches had been reduced to paper thinness by use and innumerable washings; only their stiffness kept his cloth leggings from falling down about his ankles, for they were too big to mould against the contours of his spindly legs. The uppers of his patent leather shoes were cracked, their soles no thicker than a sixpenny piece. Yet, with it all, Whip had the air of a well-appointed hunt servant.

There was a large spinney at the top of the field and from it came a confusion of sound which was all the symphony Whip cared about or knew; the whining, eager voices of hounds, the shrill, piping cries of the huntsmen, the thunder of hooves, a horse's impatient neighing, the champing of bits and—like a major motif—the silvery *ta-ran-ta-ra* of a horn.

Whip Gale sniffed at the moisture-laden air and noted the direction of the gentle breeze.

"It's a good scent day," he told himself. "An' the goin' wun't be too heavy. We ought to 'ave a good run if we find 'ere—as we will. We've never drawn a 'blank' yet at this spinney. Shouldn't wonder if old Limpy, him wot give us a record run last year *an'* the year afore, don't break cover. If so it be him—an' I'll know—he'll make fer 'Obbs' mill fust off an' finish up at Brington Cover, an' there, if luck's wi' him, he'll lose 'em.

"Ar! Come up there, lass! Stand still, Starlight. Stand still, hoss!"

His knees closed firmly on a bar of the gate and he held his hands as if he were reining in a high-spirited, silk-mouthed filly.

He "posted" for a few moments, *riding* the gate as a small boy will do—but with this difference: Whip *rode* his mount with the skilful elegance of a master; his "seat" and the position of his hands would have won the approval of the strictest of riding masters.

The faded blue of his eyes matched that of the winter's sky and there was nearly always the light of laughter in them, though what Whip found in life to laugh at was not easily apparent. If he ate one meal a day he considered himself well fed; two meals in one day would have been almost too much for his digestive organs. Not that there was anything wrong with them; it was simply that they would have rebelled against the unusual labour two meals would have caused them. He slept, by courtesy of the landlord of the "Fox and Hounds," in the harness room. At least it had been a harness room in the days when the inn's generous stabling was taxed to the utmost. And even now, underneath the mustiness of decay, one could still detect the pleasingly pungent odour compounded of liniments and linseed meal, saddle soap and dubbin, leather and burnished steel, of red-hot iron (in winter time when the tiny stove was roaring against the outer cold) and, in the summer, of wallflowers which flourished in the green-painted window box. That is a compound of odours peculiar to well-appointed harness rooms.

Whip Gale's bed was an old mattress stuffed with straw; his covering a patched, sweat-stained horse blanket. In winter he doubled it and doubled it again and still it was large enough to cover him cosily, so that the cold never penetrated to awaken him from his dreams. They were nearly always happy dreams, and so vivid that they frequently carried over into his wakeful hours, and sometimes two or three days would elapse before something shocked him back to a realisation of the stark realities of his present life. During those dream-filled days it seemed to him that the harness room was once again a place of clean, restful industry and good companionship. Gleaming bits and spurs, stirrup irons and curb chains hung in neatly arranged patterns on freshly white-washed walls; reins and martingales, headbands, velvet-soft girths, cheek straps and the like—all hung in their appointed places. The red-brick floor was brightly raddled and a sleek stable cat dozed contentedly on a strip of matting before the fire. The bottle-glass window panes were crystal clear, and from outside came the blood-quickening sound of horses' hooves on a gravelled yard. At such times shrewd-faced, horsey men with bandy, gaitered legs, slim thighs and flat bellies kept Whip ghostly company, filling the air with strange hissing noises as they cleaned and burnished.

Perhaps when the waking dreams vanished a shadow of bewildered unhappiness would, for a passing moment, line Whip's face and he would gently finger the horse-shoe-shaped scar which dented the left side of his head. And he would cover his eyes with his hands as if he could not bear to look at the filth-littered floor, the blackened walls, the broken window panes stuffed with dirty burlap and the rust-holed stove of the harness room. This moment of disillusionment was always exceedingly bitter, but his quick recovery measured his courage.

Whip's age was difficult to determine. At fifteen he had seemed preternaturally old and wise. The weight of years had not changed him or added to his wisdom, so that he now appeared to be preternaturally youthful. He still had a full thatch of hair: it was of that rusty sandy colour which never turns really grey. His cheeks were as ruddy and as free from wrinkles as a full-ripe apple. He was always clean-shaven—and clean. His mouth was small and his voice a thin, reedy falsetto. He scarcely parted his lips when he spoke, because he was ashamed of exposing his wrinkled, toothless gums; consequently his articulation was indistinct and his pronunciation strangely infantile. But the words and phrases of the hunt always burst from his lips with a shrill, far-reaching, bugle-like clarity. His "View halloa!" rivalled that of John Peel.

To hear that cry and to give that cry was the be all and end all of his existence.

During the summer months Whip led an almost somnolent life, mechanically performing the routine functions of living, sleeping by a lazy stream through the long, hot afternoons, earning a few coppers to eke out his meagre pension by running errands for kindly villagers, or by blowing the

He was awakened by the sound of thudding hooves. He heard a clear, youthful voice shout encouragingly "Up, boy ! Over !" He saw, a few yards from where he sat, a horse come flying over the hedge in a splendid arch. But on landing, the horse pitched badly, went down and rolled over

bellows for the village smith. But in these months, despite the days of soft ease, he always aged rapidly and men shook their heads and women told each other sadly : "Old Whip won't last out another winter."

Yet, yearly, they witnessed the miracle. The first "cubbing" meet of a new season always acted on Whip like a magic tonic of rejuvenation. His eyes became brighter, his shrunken form filled out a little, his carriage was more erect and a confident jauntiness returned to his quick little steps. From then on his life was a glorious crescendo, reaching its climax on the day of the season's last meet.

Three, and sometimes four, days a week Whip followed the hunt. Often he trudged through a rain or sleet-filled night in order to be in time when the meet was at some distant village, making the return trip after a long day in the field which would have taxed the strength of a man half his age. If, as occasionally happened, he was given a lift in a horse-drawn vehicle, that was a red-letter day of happiness.

Actually he could always have ridden to the meets for he was a well-known and affectionately regarded character and the hunting folk—as well as those who "followed" as best they could in their cars—would have been glad to give the little man a lift. But no matter how footsore and wet and cold Whip might be, nothing would induce him to ride in a car. He hated them and feared them; and his fear was greater than his hate. He had hated them when they first made their appearance at a meet, throwing consternation in the minds of all hunting people who were sure the stinking things would destroy the scent.

Doubtless Whip Gale's hate would have vanished in time—as had those of his contemporaries—but for the accident which ended his career as chief whip to the hunt he now followed on foot. At intervals, fortunately widely spaced, Whip lived that accident again in his dreams. He saw a car coming out of a November fog straight for the horse he was riding. Again he'd feel the dull thud of impact, hear the terrified shouts of a woman and the squeals of his horse. And the next moment he was down on the ground, looking up into red, blazing nostrils and the steel-shod hoofs of his horse. The hoofs pounded down on him . . .

That was the last picture his brain had retained. A moment's blinding pain had wiped out all the rest. His body had recovered; his brain had not. There was no suspicion of insanity about him; he was not even what the villagers call "a bit soft, like." His habits and behaviour were normal. He conversed intelligently, though, perhaps, by reason of his toothless mouth, not over-intelligibly; and it is true that he invariably turned the conversation to horses and hunting. That was his hobby, and he rode it hard.

But the accident had wiped pages from his memory; and had filled the vacant places with two fears : a fear of all mechanically propelled vehicles and *a fear of horses*. It was a phobia too strong for him to overcome. The misguided attempts of employers and old friends to force a cure had only strenghtened his fear. Nothing would tempt him to go near a horse, much less mount one. But—and this was a strange mental twist—the accident had not destroyed his love of the animals he now feared. It had left to him his joy in the hunting scene, his knowledge of the country and of the ways of foxes.

So he now waited, *mounted* on the five-barred gate, waiting for a change in the voice of the hounds, the clarion winding of a horn and a huntsman's shrill "Gone away !"

He hoped to anticipate that cry—as presently he did.

He saw a big dog fox with heavy brush trot almost arrogantly out of the spinney, limping slightly on the off fore. It stood still for a moment, its ears pricked, looking back over its withers. Then, slowly, it turned its mask toward the gate where Whip sat motionless, then, reassured by the other's friendly silence, it set off at an easy lope across the twenty-acre field, its lameness vanishing as the warmth of exercise overcame the stiffness of an old injury.

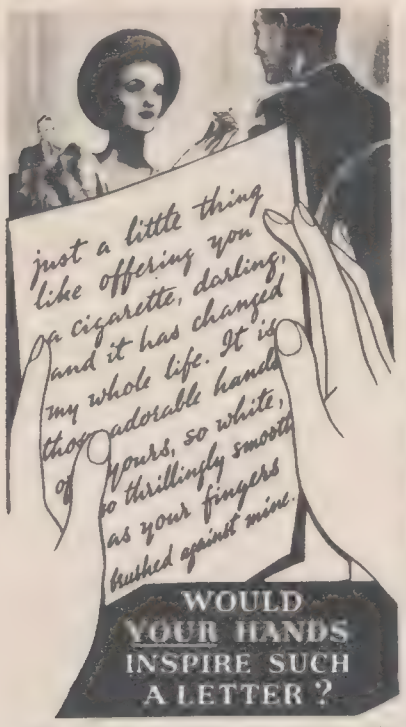
"Dang my eyes," Whip chuckled, "I believe old Limpy winked at me. Good luck to 'im, says I. Any old road, they'll know they've 'ad a run afore 'e's finished wi' 'em. There'll be 'eads a-droopin' an' tails a-liftin'. Ar ! An' more'n one'll be takin' a fall if they follow straight to the line he'll lead 'em.

"Now, let's see. Fust off, 'e'll make for the alders nigh 'Obbs' mill. So——

Whip Gale's approach to the river was a cautious one and, reaching it, he made his way along the bank toward the old mill until he came to a willow whose trunk slanted half way across the stream. He climbed up into this tree and screened himself from casual observation. Then, having made himself as comfortable as possible, he took a greasy packet from one of his pockets and broke his fast on a large hunk of bread, softened by a generous spreading of beef dripping. When his meal was over, he carefully folded up the greasy paper and restored it to his pocket.

Looking across a field which sloped back steeply

(*please turn to page* 17)



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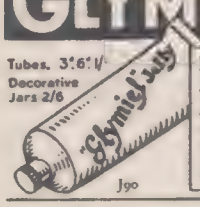

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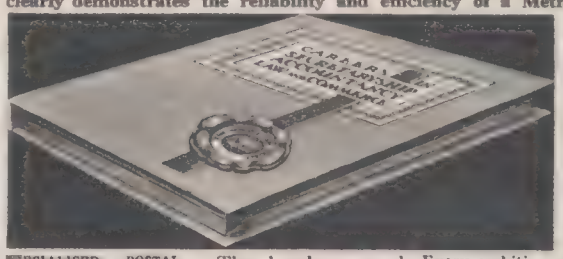

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from the stream, he saw a lithe red form streak from the hedgerow and race down the slope.

"Good old Limpy!" Whip applauded softly, as the fox came to a halt at the edge of the stream, not far from the tree which hid him.

The fox's coat was streaked with sweat, his brush hung limply to the ground, and his sides heaved. He was almost exhausted by his recent magnificent burst of speed—an effort which had enabled him to draw away from his pursuers and reach his temporary haven unobserved. He looked up into the tree which sheltered Whip and then, as if conscious that the man would not give him away, boldly entered the stream at the shallows and waded onto a tree trunk, barely covered with water, which bridged the stream. The fox clambered on to this and, padding across it, entered a hole in the base of a hollow tree on the opposite bank.

There the fox curled himself up into a tight ball. But he did not sleep. His bright, beady eyes seemed at times to meet Whip's; his sharp, sensitive nose twitched constantly to catch every scent the breeze brought to him.

Presently the hounds, running mute, bunched so closely that a blanket would cover them, broke through the hedge and raced down the slope. After them came the horsemen—their numbers thinned, as Whip had predicted, by the stern chase Limpy had led them.

Whip's eyes glowed with excitement.

"Better keep your napper out of sight, Limpy," he said.

But the fox did not need that advice; he had already retired still further into his hide-hole and was crouched close to an exit on the other side of the tree trunk, ready to make a break when his position no longer proved tenable.

Meanwhile the hounds were at fault. Having lost the scent, they checked and, tonguing plaintively, their sterns a-wagging, ran aimlessly to and fro, their muzzles close to the ground.

The master and his aids—their scarlet and white bespattered with mud—worked the hounds with the craft taught by experience and tradition. The "field," augmented every moment by stragglers, who welcomed every check which gave them an opportunity to catch up with the better-mounted and harder-riding leaders, milled about in an anxious group a good distance back from the stream. From the mill house came the miller and his women folk a-flutter with excitement.

Whip Gale watched it all with a gloating enjoyment. He was right in the midst of it and yet far removed from it. If any of the huntsmen suspected his presence in the willow, they did not betray their knowledge. It would not occur to them to seek information from him. Once Whip's enjoyment was sadly marred. That was when a young hunt servant rode his horse close to the base of the willow tree and halted there. Utter terror filled Whip's eyes and his mouth sagged open. He clung desperately to the limb of the tree on which he perched; otherwise he would have fallen. In another moment he would have screamed loudly had not the master shouted a curt order and the youthful horseman rode away from the tree.

Whip's terror vanished. Once again he was able to watch with critical appreciation, only cringing a little, perhaps, when one of the weaving horsemen looked like coming too close to his tree. But they always turned away before the danger line was reached; it was as if they knew and respected Whip's sanctuary.

The huntsman worked the hounds with consummate skill, lifting them again and again when their mistaken ardour tempted them to break back away from the stream.

At last Lassie, a gaunt, liver-mottled bitch, gave full tongue, and instantly the atmosphere of patient endeavour was charged with electricity.

"Hark to Lassie!" the huntsman cried. "Hark to Lassie!"

The whippers-in echoed the cry, rallying the pack to the big bitch, recalling the wanderers by voice and the cracking of whips.

Other hounds added their voices to Lassie's music, egged on by the shrill lu-luing of the huntsmen, casting them forward.

The pack, whining with eagerness, splashed over the stream and scrambled up the steep bank, but before that Limpy had sneaked out of the hollow tree and he was two good fields away. He had profited from his rest and he ran swiftly, but with wise judgment.

A horn winded.

"Gone a-way! Gone a-way!" Exultation was strangely mingled with mournful sadness in the huntsman's shrill cry.

The hounds were on to the scent again and were running hard to the line, swinging right-handed. The master and the hunt servants followed; the "field" thundered down the slope, clots of mud flying. Some of the riders curse each other good-naturedly. Others cursed. They splashed over the stream, up the bank, and away.

But the course to which Whip Gale now set himself more than quartered the distance and he hoped to be hidden in the branches of another tree, at the base of the long hill, in time to see the last stage of the run; the fox making its last final spurt for safety, the hounds pressing him hard, the horsemen—there would be few left, Whip thought—riding like steeplechasers.

"If he gets to his earth," Whip thought, "an' it bain't been stopped, they'll let him go 'till next season. As he deserves. 'E's given 'em more'n one good run. They wun't dig 'im out. An' if 'e don't reach his earth, an' 'e ain't as young as 'e were, 'e'll go down fightin'."

The sky darkened; clouds blotted out the blueness and it began to rain. It was a cold rain, which quickly penetrated Whip's threadbare garments and numbed his body. But he did not think of turning back to seek shelter at the mill. Instead, he ran faster and flapped his arms against his body in an attempt to quicken the tired circulation of his blood.

The rain thickened; flakes of snow were mingled with it. The drops ran off the peak of his cap, and when he bent his head to the rain's fury, an icy stream found its way down his bony spine. His clothes clung to him, impeding his movements; his shoes felt to his feet like water-saturated sponges. They *squelched* in miserable protest at every step he took.

His pace slowed to a walk. In places the ground was a slippery quagmire of mud. Several times he fell heavily, face forward, and each rising saw him heavily coated with mud. The rain washed some of it away, but some was absorbed into the texture of his clothing until it seemed that the rain had washed away the crimson of his coat and the yellow of his waistcoat, just as the cold and fatigue—to which he would not surrender—had sapped the colour from his cheeks.

The stiffness had long since departed from his cloth leggings and they sagged in a soggy mess of shapeless folds about his ankles. His spindly legs showed pitifully white for a little while, then mud coated their nakedness.

Rain and mist clouds veiled the distant spinney, frequently blotting it completely from his sight and, directed only by the driving force of his will, he frequently wandered from his course and, though he always returned to it, laughing at his own stupidity—that he, who had hunted this country, man and boy, for nigh on seventy years, should lose his sense of direction—these detours delayed him longer than he supposed. Or was it that he had grossly under-estimated the distance to the spinney? He had been walking, he thought, for hours, yet the wood-crowned hill seemed as far distant as it had ever been.

The rain ceased, but that was hardly an improvement for the wind now blew so hard that he could lean against it. But that, perhaps, was not a proof of its force. In the heyday of his youth Whip had ridden at nine stone. He weighed considerably less than that now.

It was a cold wind and seemed to turn his water-logged clothes into thin boards of ice.

Coming to a stile, he climbed it, poised unsteadily for a moment on the broad, top rail, then essayed to jump a wide, water-filled ditch. He landed awkwardly, fell, rose, then fell again and almost fainted with the pain of a badly sprained ankle.

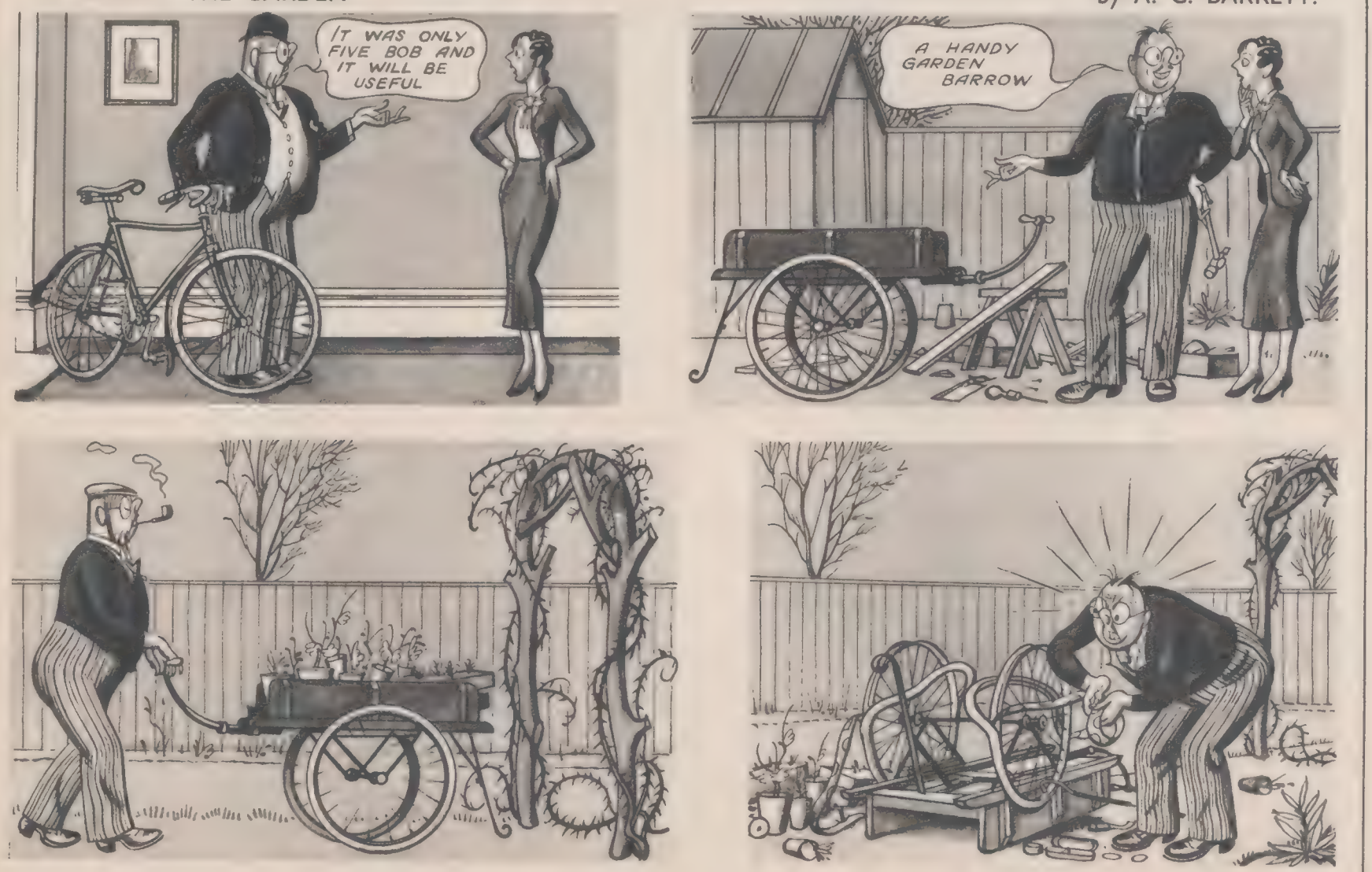
With difficulty he rose yet again and hobbled painfully across a grass field. But when he reached the opposite hedge, he knew that he could go no farther.

He crawled to a place where the hedge

(*please turn to page* 36)

A MAN UP THE GARDEN

by A. C. BARRETT.



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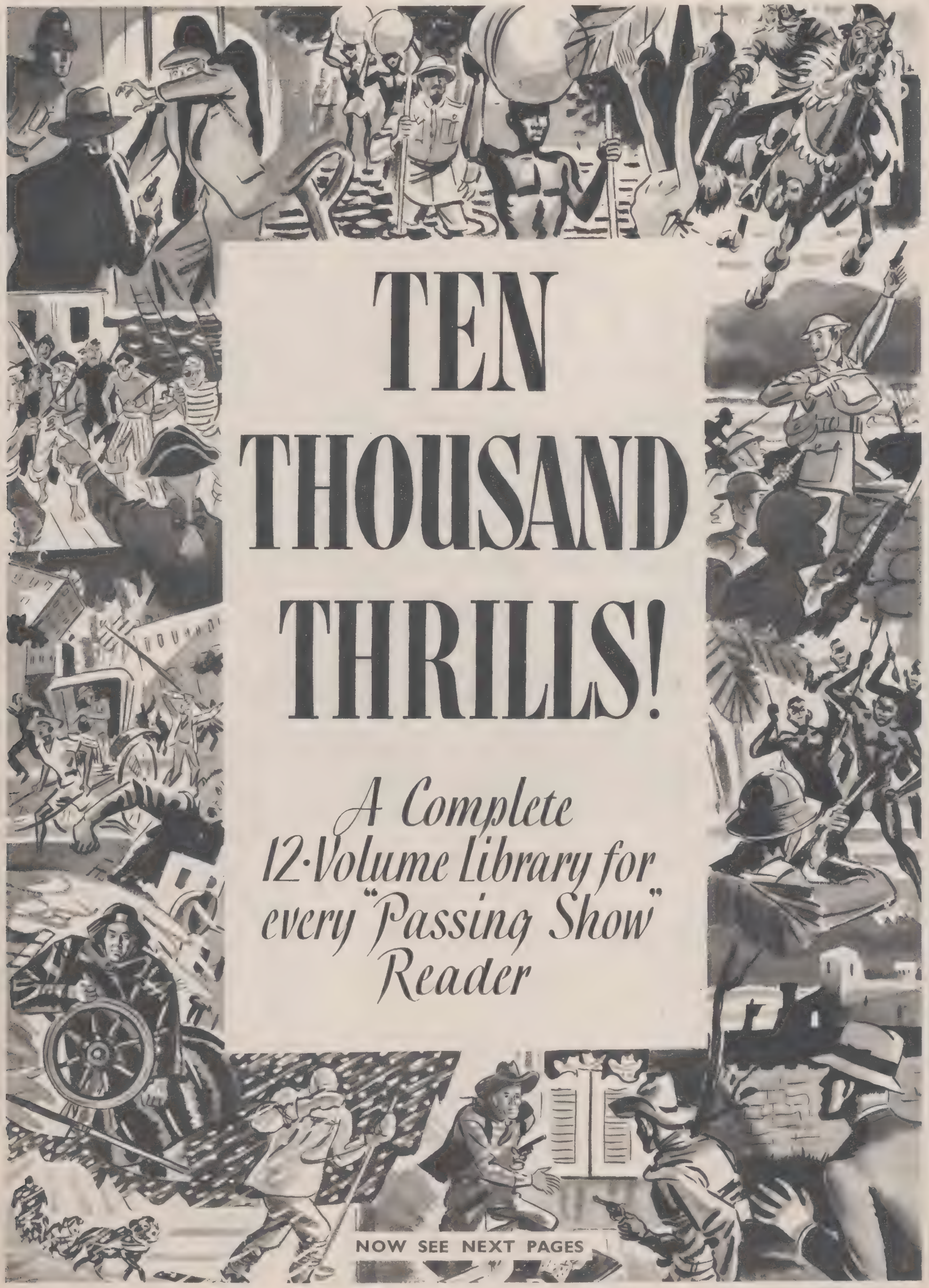

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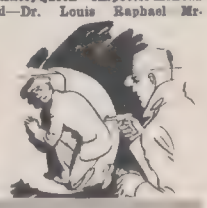

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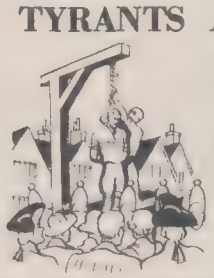

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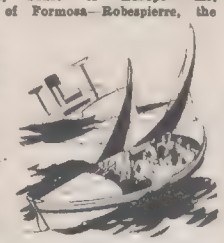

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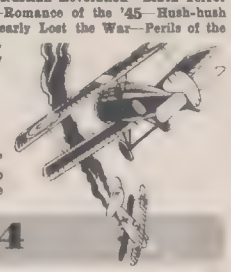
SET 3

"FIFTY MUTINIES, REBELLIONS AND REVOLUTIONS"

The Hero in the Scarlet Cloak—The Devil's Wind—Slave that Defied Napoleon—Red Terror at Kronstadt—Steel Walls Against the Desert Hordes—Pancho Villa, Soldier Bandit of Mexico—Epic of the Chartist Riots—Rebel March of General Borodin—Lawrence, Uncrowned King of the Arabs—Triumph of Bela Kun—Terence McSwiney, the Man Who Defied an Empire—The Rise of General Franco—When Hitler Bowed to Bullets—Massacre by the Yellow Men—Paris Under Siege—Exploits of Mustapha Kemal—Secrets of the Russian Revolution—Black Terror in the Rand—Romance of the '45—Hush-hush Revolt that Nearly Lost the War—Perils of the Irish Rebellion—Simon Bolivar, Father of a Nation—Mutiny at Nore and Spithead—Overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty, etc., etc.

"FOUR DRAMATIC WAR NOVELS"



"Under Fire," by Henri Barbusse—"Bretherton," by W. F. Morris, "Patrol," by Philip MacDonald—"Roux the Bandit," by Andre Chamson.

SET 4

"FIFTY WORLD-FAMOUS HEROIC DEEDS"

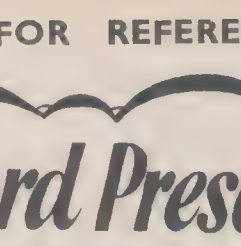
The Village that Locked Itself in with Death—Gallant Men of Leyden—400 miles Afoot for the King's Mercy—One Man's Battle with Madness for Millions—A Woman Enters the Forbidden City—Wooden Ramparts Against the Galleons of Spain—Noblewoman Who Assassinated the Tyrant of the Terror—The Ride that Saved an Army—Strangling to Death in the Clouds—White Maid Against the Redskin Hordes—The Voyage of the 'Trevessa's' Lifeboat—The Miracle of Helen Keller—Innkeeper who Routed Two Armies—They Offered Themselves to the Scaffold—Boy Who Died for his Guns—Alone Among the Ruthless Nomads—The Lifeboat of Death—Black Bag for the Afghans—Singing Soldiers of the 100 Days—The Might of Sun-Yat-Sen Alone with the Secret of the Universe—Black Master of a Tortured Race, etc., etc.

"FOUR STIRRING WILD WEST NOVELS"

"Rustlers' Paradise," by W. C. MacDonald—"Brand of the Open Hand," by F. C. Robertson—"Singing River," by W. C. Tuttle—"Willow Canyon," by W. P. White.

SET 5

"FIFTY ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN"



Stalked by Death in the Cannibal Bushlands—White Wings of the Yukon Trail—To What Green Hell?—The Quest of the Black Man's Magic—Mystery Voyage of the Terrible River—Dragon-ship that Found a Continent—Road-maker of the Frozen North—Plant Gatherer of the Himalayan Bad Lands—Marooned in a Land of Dread—The Incredible Marco Polo—He Died in a White World—Riddle of the Secret Service—Pathfinder of the North-west Frontier—Half a Mile Beneath the Blue—Lost in the Australian Bush—Secret Quest in a City of Death—Three Magnificent Fools—The Empire Over the River—Across the Roof of the World—Ramparts of Heaven—Into the Land of Drifting Footprints—The Reporter Who "Arrested" a Fleet, etc., etc.

"FOUR THRILLING ADVENTURE NOVELS"

"The Master of Merripit," by Eden Phillpotts—"The Crystal Skull," by Jack Maclaren—"Shadows by the Sea," by Jefferson Farjeon—"Hearts of Three," by Jack London.

SET 6

"FIFTY EVENTS THAT AMAZED THE WORLD"

The Mad Dog Fleet—The Road to Life—The Last Spike—Death of a Nation—Man Conquers Pain—Ship That Was Ten Hours Late—The March to Kandahar—They Buried Him Among Kings—The Lone Eagle—No Castles in Spain—The Night of June 30—The Amazing Case of Jem the Penman—Our Backs to the Wall—The Day that Made Britain Rich—Plague in London—The Price of Peace—Radio Spans the Atlantic—Suicide at the Derby—The Strange Case of Barthelemy—Two Cities Crash in Ruins—The "Dead Man" of Austria—He Changed the Map of the World—London Goes Underground, etc., etc.

"FOUR GREAT MYSTERY NOVELS"

"The Terror," by Edgar Wallace—"The W. Plan," by Graham Seton—"The Secret of Tangles," by Leonard Gribble—"The Cask" by Freeman Wills Croft.

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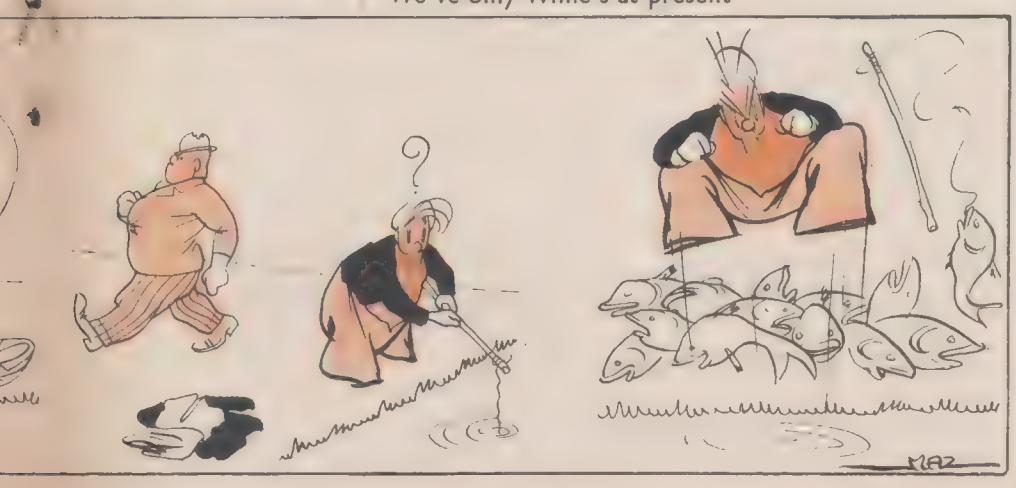

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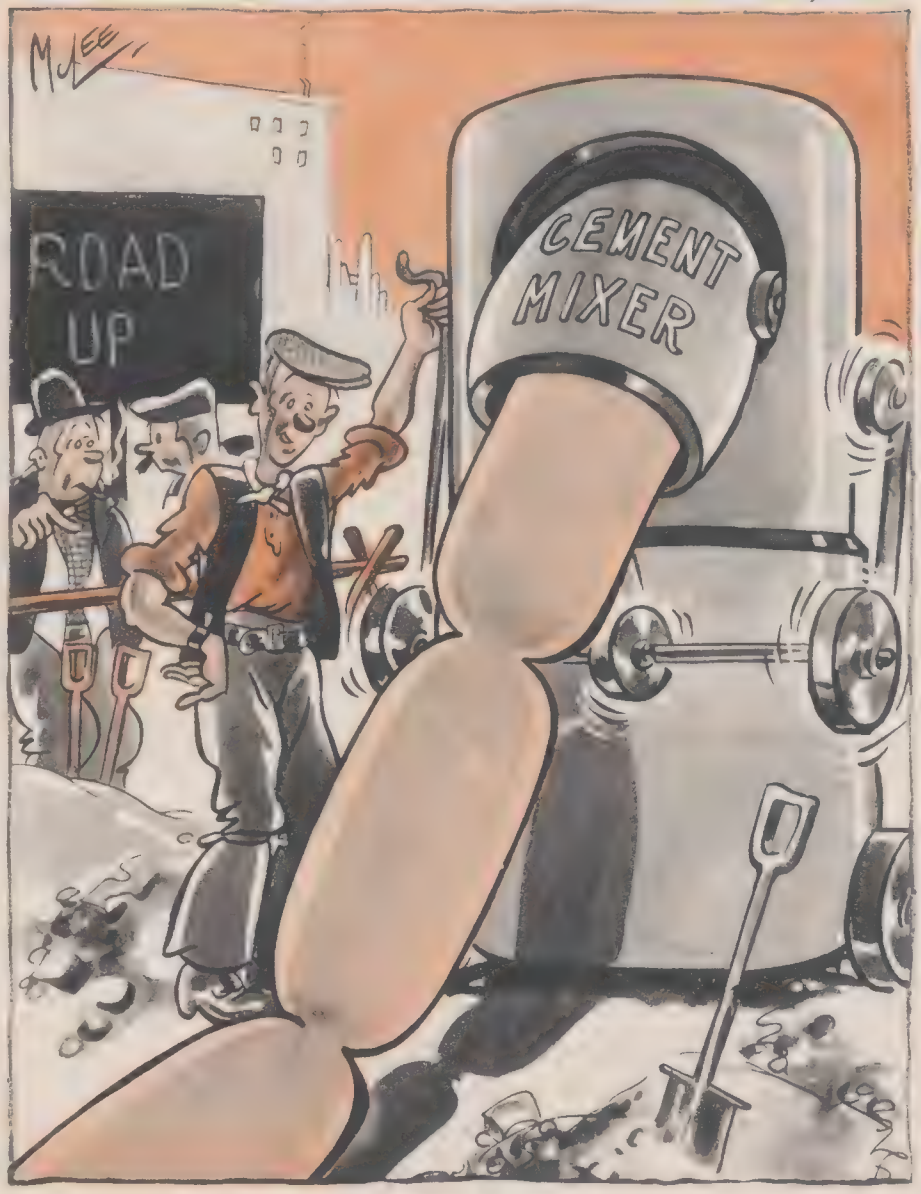

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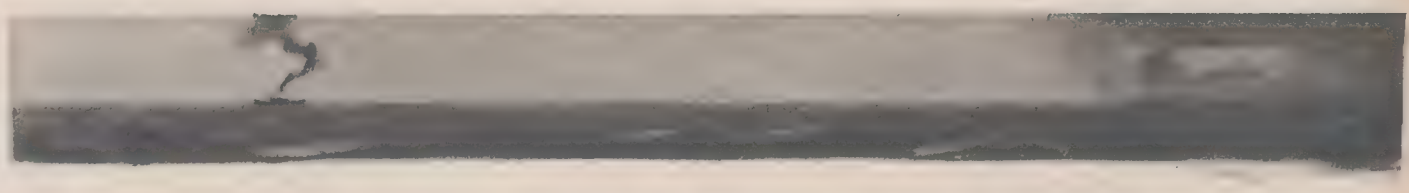

THE PRUSSIC ACID KID

Two derelicts and a rogue go to the making of a story that starts grimly in the swirling murk of dockside shadows and ends in a man changing his ambitions

BY "SINBAD"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

THE Acid Kid shivered in the dripping fog. He had always thought he was tough. "Yeah, Prussy Acid, that's me! I bite!" But here he was, shivering in a dismal wet fog, his belly as cold as his fingers, as far from a meal, or a bit of slick work which would result in a meal, as. . . .

He drew back into the thicker shadow of a dockside warehouse. There was something doing. Electric lamps bleared weakly in the swirling murk; nearby the clatter of a ship's winches set his teeth chattering; there was a hiss of escaping steam and unpleasantly harsh voices. They sounded like work. There was a ghostly smudge of funnel and masts and derricks; a rumbling of falling coal; a squeal of cargo tackles. But something more in the Kid's line was happening right there under his nose, his cold, moist nose.

A running figure, swinging a satchel, was almost abreast of the Kid when another shape grew from vagueness to solidity at the runner's heels. There was a blow, a grunt, a fall, and the satchel changed hands right there within reach of the Kid's itching fingers.

That was serious, a guy horning in on the Kid's territory. It wasn't very rich territory, but when the big shots freeze a guy out of the juicy spots, it was something to hang on to. Sometimes a sailor had money. There must be some in that satchel, else why the strong-arm stuff? The Kid slithered from his lurking place. His blackjack slipped down his sleeve, but as he moved to swing it the man with the satchel saw or sensed him, checked and darted aside. The Kid's blow whizzed through empty air, but the Kid's nimble feet carried him after the runner. The gaunt shape of a crane rose up, the runner rounded it, between crane and dockside, and the Kid darted through the framework. They met.

At the same instant that the Kid raised his blackjack, the runner swung his satchel. There was a mutual side-step, a clash, and a roar of coal tumbling down the chute into the bunkers of a small steamer lying beneath the crane.

Then, in a cloud of coaldust and fog which was as palpable as a wet blanket, the Kid pitched over the edge of the dock into the gaping coal pocket of the steamer's bunkers. The dribbling cataract of slack coal, the remnants of the last discharge, enveloped him, hurried him downwards, buried him.

The Acid Kid breathed coaldust, ate coaldust, fought for air and only seemed to bury himself deeper.

After a while he had to stop struggling or suffocate. Then he found he could breathe, though as much dust as oxygen entered his lungs. After what seemed hours the heap began to slide, to settle. It took on a movement, little more than a throbbing, which somehow turned his stomach. He started to fight again; and now he heard voices below him, hoarse, profane voices, and the clink of steel. He slipped. He slid faster. The voices and the clink of steel were nearer. Then something hard and heavy struck his boot.

"Gee—suss! Here's a stiff!"

Somebody grabbed the Kid's boot, then his leg, and he was dragged forcibly from the coal and spilled out upon the greasy cindery plates of a steamer's stokehold. They were not level plates, they tilted under his feet, and they were hot. He scrambled to his feet in the glare of an open furnace and the face of the man who had hauled him out of the bunker underwent a swift change of expression. The Acid Kid's boots had belonged only a few hours ago to a gentleman overtaken by alcoholic weariness and the Kid at the same instant. His wallet proving to be momentarily empty, his footwear solved the crying problem of the Kid's chilled feet. But no other part of his attire proclaimed the Kid a gentleman. He was ragged, he had lost his cap, he was a dismal piece of work, and he looked like a cornered rat.

"Ho, a stowaway! Come wiv me! The Chief wants to see you."

The fireman grabbed the Kid, and the Kid was mad. He felt for the blackjack which was not there; he twisted loose, and tried to butt his captor, but the fireman was tougher than the Kid—more footsure, too. The hot plates would not remain level. The Kid's skull never found its mark, a hand like a piece of cindery iron slapped his ear, and toppled him upon a heap of ashes. Then the same hand gripped his arm and dragged him along a steamy, sizzling dark alleyway to the engine-room.

"You leave me be!" he squealed. A lean man in a boiler suit and a uniform cap looked curiously at him, wiping his hands on a wad of cotton waste.

"Stowaway—found in the bunker," the fireman announced.

"I ain't no stowaway! You let me off this boat! I'm the Acid Kid, I am. I bite, and——"

"I get you, laddie," the engineer said, soothingly. "You come with me and bite the captain. He'll love that."

The captain of the *Heroine*, recently from Mexico and now bound to the West Indies by way of Bermuda, was a comfortable man. He had just got clear of port, which he hated, had only a few moments ago heard the last fog signal fade astern and felt the deep water heave under foot, got away with his crew intact, after a few moments of doubt and ahead lay sunny skies and blue seas unblinded by fog. He was not to be upset by the apparition of a dishevelled dock rat who swore he had tumbled down the boat's coal hole and demanded to be put back on land.

"Says he bites, sir," the engineer remarked.

"Aye, he looks as if a bite would do him good," the captain rejoined. "Poor devil." That was the first sympathetic word the Kid had heard for years. He was shocked. "Well, young fellow, you'll have to come to Bermuda. Too thick to mess about here. The consul will send you home. You don't look up to much work. If you want to eat, you can help the cook. Take him to the galley, Chief."

It was warm in the galley and there was food. Outside the fog had cleared, but there was a drizzle of rain and the Acid Kid had found the captain easy. The cook didn't look any harder. So when, his belly filled, the Kid was shown a sack of potatoes and given a knife to peel what looked like a ton of spuds for the next day, he simply kicked the sack, sprawled along the board bench, and demanded a cigarette.

"Peel spuds, my son. What d'ye think you are?" growled the cook, and laid urgent hands upon the Kid.

"You leave me be, see? I'll. . . ." The Kid was on his feet, the blade of the knife presented in gangster style. The cook was unimpressed. He picked up his tormentors, a terrible three-pronged fork for fishing lumps of meat from the copper. The deck was even more unstable than the stokehold plates had been, and the Kid tottered backwards, eyeing those formidable prongs.

"Git out!" breathed the cook. "I'll have you afore the Old Man in the mornin' for a waster. That'll be irons 'til we git to Bermuda, then the cops can feed you. Git!"

He crept like a beaten dog into a gloomy space beneath the forecastle head and then the rain pelted down, his stomach went back on him, and he cowered in misery through the night. In the morning the rain had stopped, a blazing sun came up, the sea was very blue, but he wanted no food. The more his misery grew, the more he hated all mankind, particularly seagoing mankind. He saw the cook dodging in and out of his galley, saw him bring out potatoes and peel them. He saw men moving about their work. Rough men, with rough voices. They had knives at their belts. He would let them know all about the Acid Kid, when he felt better. Knives? He knew all there was to know about knives. He wouldn't always be feeling like an empty water bottle.

Later in the day he heard words which told him the ship was in the Gulf Stream. It meant nothing to him; but he was feeling better. He would have ventured out, but now a succession of warm rain squalls kept driving down, and he didn't feel hungry anyhow. Not yet. When he did. . . . He explored his hiding place for a weapon.

He found an iron belaying pin, though he didn't know it was that. All he knew was that it was better than a blackjack. It would croak a guy, properly handled. He slipped it into his pocket. Then he began to feel hungry. The day was almost done and he had a little business to settle with that cook. As soon as the men stopped passing to and fro he would go to the galley, if his legs would only behave. And if the rain would stop. Never in his devious life had the Acid Kid known such rain. It was warm, like steam, and it never settled down into a steady downpour as real rain should; it came in a marching series of slashing walls of water, thick as fog, hissing on the sea, drumming on the decks, with intervals of brilliant fine weather which only fooled a man into thinking it was all over.

But it seemed to be over at last, just when the daylight was almost gone. The Kid crawled out, stood up, and gripped his belaying pin. Never, since the gang threw him out on his ear because he got cold feet in the middle of a swell hold-up had he been made to feel so useless and unwanted as he felt in this steamer. He'd been kicked around long enough; now he'd show them. Peel potatoes? What a laugh. Had he asked for the trip? They had made a joke about his name, like a lot of silly sailors. Couldn't bite, eh? Wait!

Suddenly the steamer's siren blared; the rain blotted out the world again. The Kid bent his head to rain which hit

"Won't a steamer come this way, Bill? Ours did," the Kid whined, hopelessly. Bill silently pointed . . .

his face like a wet paddle and he darted erratically along to the alleyway where the galley was. It was poorly lit by a bulb set in the iron ceiling, but halfway along the fading daylight still entered through a wide square gangway port, which stood open with only a chain across it. The corresponding port on the other side was closed against the weather. This was the lee side.

Once again the syren roared. The rain was like fog. It drummed on the deck overhead and the alleyway resounded with it. The Kid reached the opening, breathless, clung to the iron handrail of the alleyway, and straightened up. The galley door was shut, but there was another door around the other side. He shivered as he glanced through the square opening at the hissing, foaming sea. Then he was hotter than he had ever been in his life, hotter than he had been for that appalling instant in the stokehold. A man stood beside the port, one hand upon the chain, at ease. He was smoking, he was dry and clean; he looked well fed.

The Acid Kid stared, choked, then slithered upon the man.

"Hey, you! Whatcha done with it, hey? Where is it?" he squealed. The man regarded him with amusement, flicking his cigarette into the sea; then the light revealed the Kid's bedraggled figure, it lit his face, and amusement changed to memory. The Kid's grip was countered by one far more powerful.

"Well, well! You're the little scut who tried to cosh me under the crane and bumped me into the coaling pocket! I *am* glad——"

The syren blared again. A ringing shout from the unseen forecastle head was answered by louder voices somewhere above; the motion of the steamer swiftly changed; she quivered, lurched, and began to swing. Then, the deck reeling to her swerve, she crashed into something with her weather bow and rolled heavily.

The Acid Kid and his antagonist were hurled against the guarding chain. It took the taller man below the waist, and both pitched headlong into the sea as the steamer slowly began to go astern and moved faster as she gathered way.

When he rose to the surface, the Kid saw the vague ghost of the ship, then it vanished, leaving behind only the churned foam of reversed engines. The Kid could swim, but never in his life had he swum in so much water as this. There was no limit to it. Nowhere to swim to. He swam in panic, shouting, and he heard a shout almost beside him, from the sea.

He screamed in answer. Then the two men, swimming without hope in the middle of a yeasty sea, were flung against the weedy side of the derelict which had all but murdered the *Heroine*.

A tangle of gear hung over the side; the planks of the hull were broken by the impact of the half stopped steamer; the sea was comparatively quiet on the lee side, and in the darkness the Kid scrambled for a hold and started to climb. Now and then his teeth chattered, and when his fingers slipped he sobbed, but a hand was helping him; and presently he flopped through a broken bulwark on to an invisible deck over which the sea rolled with horrid gurgles.

"Come aft. It's higher. Crawl, don't try to walk, the deck may be torn up." The Kid heard his fellow castaway beside him and in terror grabbed him. They crawled towards the black loom of the derelict's raised poop, beaten by floating debris. They heard, far off, the steamer's syren. Twice, the second time fainter. She was leaving them. And then the squall passed, stars came out, and through the grim edges of a flying black cloud laughed the moon.

The Kid looked out upon a gleaming sea capped with foam; the only thing besides water was a cloud of black smoke spread across a dappled sky, and a heavy line of black cloud sharp ruled against the bright moonlight which seemed to be falling towards the derelict like a collapsing wall.

"There goes our hope!" the Kid's companion said, pointing to the smoke. "I don't believe we've been missed. You wouldn't be missed, anyhow." The Kid was too miserable to assert his importance, his toughness. He was still seasick, half full of salt water, and the sullen, drowned heaving of this waterlogged wreck made him feel worse than ever. But he resented the apparent heartiness of his companion in misfortune, who had come through the same trials as he had, was nothing but a cosh guy, yet could find wits to examine the situation.

Under the white moonlight, while that advancing black wall was yet some distance away, the ocean rolled down upon the derelict, leaped at her weather side, poured across her decks and out through broken bulwarks. The deck planks were broken in places. Water rolled below. The Kid shivered desperately.

"Ain't this boat sinkin'?" he chattered. "Lookit them holes!"

"Full of lumber, I guess. Can't sink any deeper. Come on under cover, before that squall reaches us. What's your name? What d'ye call yourself?"

"Me? I'm The Kid, the Acid Kid, I bite. . . ." the recital began. Bill grunted, ducked inside a black and odorous companionway, dragging the Kid after him as the first rain pelted down.

"Better not bite me, Acid Drop. Stick close. It isn't safe to go nosing around in the dark. In the morning, if we're alive, I'll go into the little matter of that wallop you aimed at me. Look what it's got you. I'm *Heroine* Bill, if fancy names are in order. I don't bite—but I know a few other tricks."

"*Heroine* Bill?" whispered the Kid, who had never heard the name of the

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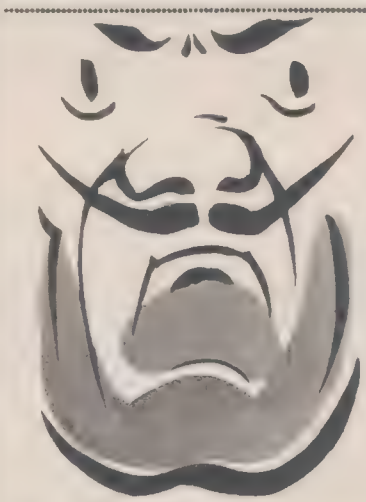

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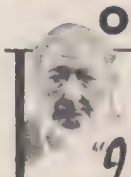

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steamship he had for so brief a time travelled in. "Gee, I never touched dope! Wouldn't."

"You'll be lucky to have a chance to touch anything, Kid. I suppose you know where you are? You don't seem too bright. This old hulk has probably been washing round the seas for years. We'll wash around, too, until we get washed off like beetles. Did you expect to find a restaurant aboard here? Or don't you ever think?"

"Rest'rant? Meanin' grub, Bill? There ain't no grub?"

"Maybe a few rats. We'll soon see whether we eat them or they eat us. It's lucky the ship was stopping when she struck, else all hands would be feedin' little fishes right now. Here, get in back of me. I want to see out."

The Kid didn't want to see out. He hated the sight of the sea, the roar of rain, the laughing moonlight between squalls. He hated his stomach, but that grew easier towards morning and then it was worse still, for he thought of food. He roused out of an uneasy doze when Bill stepped out of the shelter into a pearl and grey, fine weather dawn and shouted for him.

The Kid shivered. The sea was smooth, but still it rolled across the broken deck. Bill was digging through a heap of debris which blocked up some stairs leading below. In all the circle of the horizon no speck appeared. It was the emptiest, the loneliest spot the Kid had ever known. And he had not eaten since the night before last. He said so, when Bill ordered him to lend a hand.

"If we don't find some grub hidden away below, my son, it'll be a long two days before anybody eats. Even the rats have been washed overboard. Catch hold of this plank, Acid Drop."

His skinny body in torment, his fighting spirit never more than a poor bluff, non-existent except when attacking from ambush and well armed, the Kid dragged broken timber and marvelled at the strength and courage of Bill. What a fool he had been to take a wallop at Bill! That guy must be one of the big shots.

"Watch your step, Kid. The stairs are carried away," said Bill, disappearing into the reeking cavern of what had been the schooner's saloon.

Bill's cool fortitude encouraged the Kid. Perhaps it was better to swing in with a guy like him than try to run a one-man gang of his own. If they found food—of course they would find food—Bill would find a way out of this pickle, and perhaps he'd let The Kid swing in with him when they got home again.

"No good trying to do anything if we know we can't eat," Bill said, poking into the darkness, his feet swishing in water. Wreckage which had fallen across the skylights had not been washed away by the seas, which had only wrapped the canvas and rope firmly about the woodwork. "Nip up and clear it away, Kid. We need light," said Bill. "This must be the pantry. It's cleaned. Hurry up."

When the sunlight penetrated the interior, Bill wrenched open the grating in the floor which led to the store-room. The grating was awash, the store-room full of water to the beams. But Bill lowered himself into the evil smelling water, held his nose and disappeared. In a minute his head reappeared. He grinned and flung at the Kid a flapping piece of salt cod, slimy and odorous.

"Chuck it on deck in the sun, Kid. We won't tackle that unless we have to. Find me a bit of line—rope. Know rope, Kid? You will, unless this job drowns you." Bill actually chuckled. The Kid sought rope, whimpering. *Heroine* Bill! What a man!

"They must have pretty well cleaned her out before they quit," Bill remarked on his next appearance. "Haul away, Kid. Let's see what we've won. "It's all I can find."

The Kid hauled up a square case which, opened, revealed forty-eight cans of dried apples. Bill hacked a can open with his knife, and the Kid started to eat wolfishly. Bill stopped him, gave him half a dozen apple rings, one at a time, then pushed him on deck.

"The fish will help. Let it dry, Kid. Do you know how far it is to swim to shore?" The Kid shook his head miserably. Already the apples disagreed with his starved stomach. "Well, Kid, if you can't swim two or three hundred miles, we've got to hang on to this hulk until somebody picks us off. Let's take a look and see how long she'll float."

"I don't care if she sinks right now," the Kid whimpered.

"And you're the little tough who took a wallop at me and knocked us both into the drink! Shame on you, Kid!"

"If I did take a sock at you, you took a sock at the other guy—yes, and pinched his satchel!" squealed the Kid. Bill looked hard at him, then laughed and dragged him along the streaming deck forward.

The Kid moved in a state of shivery bewilderment, momentarily increasing to awe. He followed Bill across yawning chasms of broken timber, crawling on all fours at times, when Bill strode or hopped on sure feet, stopping every now and then to peer into the drowned bowels of the wreck. There was no doubt about it, Bill belonged to the Big Shots. Nothing scared him.

"She'll fall apart almost any time," Bill commented when they reached the bows and looked over. "Know what's in her, Kid? You wouldn't. She's crammed solid with mahogany logs. Not planks, logs. As long as she holds 'em together, the lot'll keep moving in one direction; once she spills open the sea will be strewn with murderous baulks of hardwood liable to punch holes in any ship afloat. They'd chew us to hash in two minutes, Kid. Like the idea?"

The Kid shivered and tried to fasten his chattering teeth. No answer seemed to be expected. Bill proceeded with his inspection, nibbling at a dried apple. He cautiously entered the wrecked forecastle, the Kid remaining outside, and in a moment Bill shouted with relief:

"Bit o' luck, Kid! Here's a water cask, half full, and it's sweet. Here, drink hearty, but drink slow."

The Kid greedily fastened upon the hookpot and drank. The water swelled the dried apples, and his stomach rebelled again. He sat down on the wet deck and let Bill wander about, feeling no interest. Looking aft, the derelict was a forlorn hope. Her wheel was gone, and her masts all gone except the foremast which was broken off at the crosstrees. Here and there a broken boom or gaff was wedged across the deck; everywhere writhed a tangle of ropes, most of them rotten. Bill was looking at the windlass, shaking his head.

"Everything any good's busted or carried away," he said.

"Won't a steamer come this way, Bill? Ours did," The Kid whined, hopelessly. Bill silently pointed, and the Kid looked. A trail of smoke lay on the horizon, the steamer under it keeping as far away from the derelict as possible. The day was brilliant; no good navigator would have an excuse for doing otherwise. Bill stood for a long time looking at the sea, and his face was grim. The Kid crouched on the deck, holding his tortured stomach.

"Come on, Kid. No use feeling sorry for ourselves," Bill said at last. "If we don't help ourselves nobody's going to help us. Let's see how tough you are. Got to face up to it, my lad."

In a daze the Kid followed Bill about the hazardous decks, obeying orders, but quite ready to lie down and wait for the end. He hauled fathoms of rope, which Bill tried, broke and flung overboard, or coiled carefully aside. They dragged broken planks and splintered spars, Bill carefully securing each one as if at any time the sea might cut up rough again and sweep the lot away. And cut up it did, towards noon, when a characteristic succession of Gulf Stream squalls marched upon and over the wreck, the rain turning everything to steam. They crouched in the imperfect shelter of the forecastle, watching the breaking seas roll athwart the deck.

"One good thing, Kid, water can't do more to her than it's already done," Bill chatted, watching the leaping, vivid seas. "Funny thing, this Stream. Keeps rolling along at sixty to eighty miles every day, never mind how the wind is. As long as we're in it, we move like that, too. Can't help ourselves, Kid. The tough part about it is, unless we can edge out of it we'll get carried God knows where, maybe to Africa and back again for years—unless we fall apart. And here we are, like a couple of bugs, floating to hellangone on a hundred thousand pounds worth of mahogany."

"Gee, that's money!" chirped the Kid, soothed by Bill's quiet chatter and the mention of big money. "Is Meehogamy worth that much, Bill?"

"Half of it's yours, if you can find a shop to sell it," Bill laughed uneasily, as the derelict quivered in a heavy sea. "A log of it spells curtains if it hits you in the face when you're swimming, too. Come on. The squall's over, Kid."

The Acid Kid had never worked as Bill made him work. He had never worked at all, since he tried selling papers and got tired. He couldn't see any reason for it, either, until Bill silently showed him another wide gap in the bulwarks which had appeared during the squall. The day was gone and another night blazed with stars before they ceased dragging heavy debris about, nibbling dried apples as they worked. Bill had ripped off the tarpaulins from the hatches, leaving more gaping holes; but, as he explained, a hole more or less made no difference, and the tarpaulins seemed to be the only canvas left on board.

"The sailors were better than their ship, Kid, the way they covered those hatches," Bill said. "Here, drag this small one into the companionway; it's softer than planks to sleep on."

The Kid was hauled out at daybreak again, and the killing round went on. Dumbly he did as he was told, seeing no good in it, feeling that his backbone

OLD BILL AND BERT — By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

NEXT WEEK

Enlarged Spring Number

Beginning a Serial Story by **Robert Ormond Case** of frontier intrigue and frozen gold in the far north-west; the first of a new series of articles by **W. J. Passingham** on mystery men who have never been found out and short stories by **Vicki Baum, Guy Gilpatric,** and **David Headly Munroe.**

And all for twopence !

would never again be straight. Bill chatted quietly all the while, coaxing the Kid to perform feats of activity which amazed the Kid himself. Two broken spars were brought together, butt to butt; planks were laid along the joint and solidly lashed there with rope. Bill did all the lashing, the Kid passing the ends. Gradually the Kid ceased to feel broken to bits, as his long disused muscles recovered from their first torment; and his wits began to work, too. When the second day ended, and Bill handed out more dried apples, the Kid took his and went away to eat them alone. He peered into the gloomy forecastle, dared his terrors and entered. Groping, he found what he had scarcely hoped to find, a tin pot; and right in the narrowest part of the forecastle he found splintered wood which had escaped the drench. Now if he had a match, he'd show Bill that he wasn't the only smart guy. The Kid had hoboed it. But matches ! The Kid was not to be beaten now. From the same gentleman who provided the good shoes he had taken a swell cigar lighter; it was as good as the shoes; it had not let in water. He produced it, tried it, and jittered gleefully when the small flame arose. The water cask was handy; in half an hour he took to Bill a steaming pot of stewed apples. Not thoroughly stewed, but anyway far superior to raw apple rings. Bill looked up in amazement.

"Well, Kid, you do surprise me !" he said, tasting.

"Good, eh? Them raw apples ain't good for yer stummick, Bill. Maybe I kin cook some o' that fish, too."

"The fish went overboard in the squall, Kid. But we'll make out with apple sauce all right. I'll promote you to cook."

The Kid felt himself part of the scheme of useful things when work began again. Twice the smoke of steamers smudged the horizon and passed. But Bill said that every day the hulk drifted about eighty miles; they must get somewhere in time. Upon the broken stump of the only mast Bill had raised his finished spar, and was stretching tarpaulins along the deck.

"No use thinking we can sail this raft of logs, Kid; if we had canvas enough for a square-rigger we couldn't set it, or steer her when set. But as long as the wind blows from the south it'll help the stream; if it comes on to blow from the eastward, it'll edge us out of the stream towards the coast. And as long as the tarpaulin stands we'll be seen by passing ships and they'll know somebody's aboard here. Clever, eh, Kid?"

"Gee, I'll say so ! You're smart, Bill. If we git outa here all right, I want to run with you. What I mean, I'll join your gang, Bill. I ain't so dumb, myself. You see that, don't you, Bill? What I mean, them apples. I'm wise to a lotta other things, too."

With terrific labour they hoisted two tarpaulins, one to each yardarm, upon tackles formed out of far heavier blocks and rope than necessary; but Bill explained there was no question of making or taking in sail. He had not even tried to find materials for sewing the tarred canvas into sail shape; one black square solidly strung on either side of the broken mast, it must hang until the wind blew it away.

At the end of four days the Kid's nose was peeled, his sickly skin had taken on colour, he thrived upon parboiled apples. Bill, used to much better fare than the Kid had ever known, was suffering grievously. There was nothing for them to do, but had there been it must have been the Kid who did it, for Bill was sick. He had tried again to find a change of diet in the drowned storeroom, without any luck, and he was not the same man afterwards. The Kid tried to cheer him up.

"Gee, Bill, it was too bad we lost that satchel. Musta been something in it. Whatcha do wiv it?"

"Satchel?" moaned Bill.

"Sure, the one you swiped from that guy and I——"

Bill laughed discordantly. It frightened the Kid.

"Kid, you're funny. Must have seen too many gangster pictures. You and your Acid Kids, and gangs."

"What about you? Heroine Bill, you said."

"Don't make me laugh any more, Kid. My belly won't stand it. That satchel was empty, it belonged to the Old Man—the captain—I'm second mate of the *Heroine*. The steamer, get me? Some guy snatched the satchel as I was hurrying aboard the ship in that darned fog; it was empty, but I wasn't having anything like that; I socked the guy and grabbed the satchel and then you popped up and had another go. The Old Man was fuming to be off out of the fog, because it was getting thicker. You plonked me into the coaling pocket, and tumbled in yourself. But I knew enough to climb out before the next lot of coal came down; you must have got buried and shot clear down to the bunker door. Then you spotted me having a smoke before I went up to the bridge and took another wallop at me in the gangway. Look around, Kid. Here's the result. I'm all in."

The Kid had something to think over—all this for an empty satchel. Being a tough guy wasn't so hot. And as the hulk blew over the inner edge of the Gulf Stream and a grim sea rose in an easterly gale which lasted a full day, he saw great pieces of timber wrenched from the disintegrating vessel and felt far from tough.

Bill seemed to brighten up as the danger increased. He knew it, and was trained to face it. The Kid had no such resources. He could not understand Bill's insistence upon keeping awake. One of them must remain looking out, he said.

"We must have drifted and got blown a couple of hundred miles, Kid, mostly north-east, but a lot to the westward since this gale hit us. Haven't seen a ship lately, but we'll see plenty soon, and it's going to be nasty if it comes on thick and we get into the steamer lanes. Something with a thousand people aboard is likely to bust her nose on us——"

"Mean croak us, Bill?"

"Small loss, that ! There'll be hundreds of others, too. Keep your eyes open—not that it'll do much good, Kid."

The next day a fog crept in with the moderating wind and the derelict's black patches blew her forward at a noisy mile an hour. That night steamers were heard. Towards morning syrens were blowing all around. There were no means of estimating the direction of anything, the derelict's binnacle had gone with the steering gear. But the number of those syrens, and their volume, informed Bill's accustomed ear that some great port was near.

A big liner slid stealthily past, unseen but making her nearness felt by her wash. It wracked the derelict. Her syren was deafening, so close was it. Bill shouted, the Kid squealed; the liner passed on.

Hours later, shivering with growing fear, The Kid suddenly gripped Bill.

"Look, Bill ! Ain't that the shore?"

Bill looked. Close alongside a running ridge of foam kept pace with the wallowing hulk. The sound of it surging down and resurging up a pebbly beach was weird. Only a moment it lasted, then was gone. Presently, like a spider, rotting piles of an old wharf appeared and vanished. Bill began to listen.

"Kid, we're pretty nearly home," he said, whanging the Kid on his skinny back. "What are you going to do with your cut in the salvage? Run a swell gang? You'll be a big shot, Kid."

"You ain't kiddin', Bill? Meanin' we stand to make money if we get to land?"

"If we do, Kid. Insurance must have been paid on this ship and cargo long ago. There ought to be a few beans in it, somehow."

"Gee ! I'd like to buy a paper stand, Bill, wiv sweets for the kids——"

Kids You'd scare kids out of their wits ! A tough guy like you——"

"Forget it, Bill. You don't know kids," muttered the Acid Kid. He was hurt.

He was aroused quickly. The derelict scraped sand. She staggered on a bit, then came to a stand, and the small seas rolled beyond her. Her tarpaulin sails blew away; her timbers cracked open, and she settled with a crunch into an easy bed. Bill gave a yell. He leaped overboard and disappeared into the fog. Presently his voice called for the Kid.

"Kid, I believe I know where we are ! There's a railway. I'm going to find a lawyer to take care of our interests. Mind, don't let anybody shift you off that ship until I get back. I'll bring you some real grub. I've got money. Don't forget, Kid. Stick !"

Bill never came back. The Kid thought a lot about him during the ensuing days when things were happening; astonishing things. The fog had cleared; men had arrived at the shore; a smart lawyer had appeared first of all, so Bill had not just run out on the Kid. It was all very confusing, but it had resulted in what would never cease to be a dream to the Kid. There had been money—the underwriters who had paid insurance and now took over the load of mahogany, were generous—and the Kid, behind his newspaper stand talking confidently to a friendly policeman, while stealthy kids stole his sweets and persuaded themselves that they were undetected, mentioned Bill.

"Nothing can't have happened to Bill," he said. "Bill's a regular fellow. Wisht I knew his name. I'd start a search. There's money comin' to him, same as me. Course, he might have gone to chase his steamboat. Second mate, he was, on the *Heroine*——"

"Say, you kiddin' me?" the policeman demanded sourly. "Mean to say you don't know ; Why didn't you say the guy you're always bellyaching about was that crook?"

"Crook? Bill a crook?" The Kid flared up at a policeman for the first time in his life. The policeman laughed indulgently.

"Sure he was. Don't you lose no more sleep over that bozo, kid." He used the word idly, knowing none of its implications, but a flicker of panic passed over the Kid's face for a moment. The policeman went on, comfortably :

"Gone up the river, Bill has. Been looking for him ever since the *Heroine* sailed. They nearly got him then, but he must have slipped through the fog."

"What they pinch him for?" whispered the Kid, stricken with awe.

"Why, he'd just planted a nice little parcel of cocaine and was beating it back to the steamer. Slipped 'em in the fog, he did. They never saw him go on board. He'd have got away, too, if he hadn't gone and fell overboard in mid-ocean. You should worry. Crooks ain't in your line, buddy. Watch them kids. They'll clean you out. So long."

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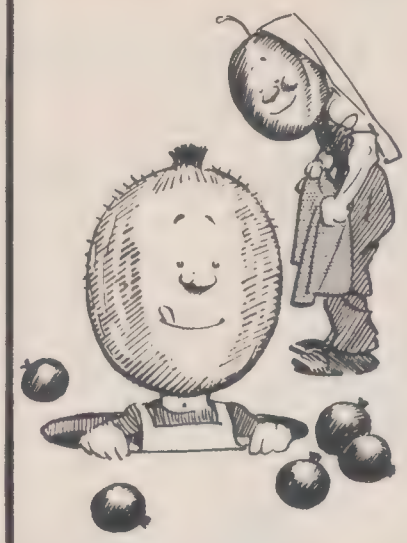

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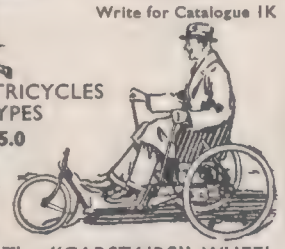

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THE SAUCERY OF HATS

(ABOVE) GAY CERISE AND SCARLET ROSES SIT IMPUDENTLY ON THIS SMALL PILLBOX. A COARSE VEILING ADDS AN EXOTIC AIR.

(BELOW) WHITE WINGS ARE PERCHED ON THE FRONT OF THIS VERY SHALLOW DISK OF FINE BLACK STRAW—THICK VEILING TIES IT SECURELY BENEATH THE CHIN.

NOT long ago the Prime Minister's wife gave a party at which she offered her guests chocolate instead of sherry. She was reviving a very old custom, for 'way back in the sixteenth century, Cortes, the Spanish Conquistador, discovered that the average subject of Montezuma was a chocolate "addict."

The Emperor had fifty pitchers prepared for his daily use, and the Royal household accounted for 2,000 more. Then later on, Maria Theresa, consort of Louis XIV, popularised chocolate. "I have two passions," she said. "The King and chocolate."

Pepys wrote in his Diary in 1664: "To a coffee-house to drink jocolatte very good."

And now, in 1938, I write "To an 'Elevenses' party in Aldwych to drink chocolate—also very good."

This party was given for the purpose of telling such Jugginses as me how to make the drink *properly*.

For years I've been wrong in putting chocolate in a cup, pouring hot milk on it and hoping for the best. That's not the way to get the best from your chocolate.

Mr. Robert Salzmann, the world's foremost exponent of chocolate cookery, told me so, and then proceeded to show me how.

And this is what he said: "The quantities I give will make enough cups to go right round the family—and quite a big family at that; but you can adjust them to suit yourself."

3 pints of milk, ½ pint water, dash of salt, 3 or 4 ozs. sugar, 3 ozs. block chocolate, whipped cream.

Add chocolate to water and place over a low flame, stirring until chocolate is melted and blended. Add sugar and salt and boil for four minutes, stirring all the time. Cool. Place one tablespoonful of this mixture in each cup and pour hot milk over it. Add whipped cream.

That's a super way to serve chocolate. Here is the more simple way.

1 pint of milk, 4 measures of cup chocolate.

Sprinkle the cup chocolate on to the warm milk, bring to the boil and whisk. Serve directly. For special occasions you make chocolate as I have explained in the latter recipe, but leave it until it is cold and then serve with whipped cream. And it's good!

You may think it strange that I've bothered to tell you how to make something that you think you know already, but Mr. Salzmann holds twenty championship medals for chocolate making. I don't know about you, but I don't even hold a putty one. So I thought you might be interested.

★ You'll be puzzling about the headline of this page until I explain that you'll be wearing a saucerful of flowers on your head this spring. And my editors thought they ought to know something about it. You know what men are when they try to be funny about our hats.

Still, they may have something to laugh at. New hats are as flat as pancakes, with no crown, but a slightly rolled edge to the brim. To give the effect of a crown, the milliners have put a cleverly placed wreath of flowers—usually rather small, tightly massed flowers of the forget-me-not or rosebud variety.

Another way to give just a little height is to put a cluster of large flowers on the front, where the crown should be. This sounds involved, but you get me, don't you? Probably a bird or two perched in the middle of a flat piece of straw will make it seem that at least we had somewhere to put our heads. All these saucers will be kept on (D.V., and March winds permitting) by pieces of straw or ribbon tied round the backs of our heads.

The day of the handkerchief worn round the head peasant-wise is over, which is a pity.

I've seen lots of girls looking as pretty, if not prettier, with kerchiefs round their faces and tied under their chins, than when they were all dressed up to go places,

VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

wearing their very latest knockouts in headwear.

I hear that the turban is going to take the place of the handkerchief, which makes the passing of the latter even sadder, for turbans are not easy to wear. But they do keep your hair neat and tidy.

Berets, too, are in for a change. Not in shape; for after all, what other form can a beret take—unless it becomes something on which you grow mustard and cress!

Now they are going to slip back. No longer perched rakishly over one eye. they're to be worn on the back of the head, and speared with amusing clips, according to fashion dictators; but I think the best way to wear a beret is the way it suits you best. Can you imagine Borotra with his "beret worn on the back of the head, and speared with an amusing clip." No sir!

★ Spring-cleaning has already come to plague many homes, and I have heard the annual laments of complaining husbands and grumbles from housewives, who must obviously expect to bear the brunt of home duties however unpleasant.

Only the other evening I was going to a dance with a friend. He was to have called for me at half-past eight, but it was after nine o'clock when eventually he arrived. But he had an excuse and what an excuse!

He had arrived home with just time enough to change by half-past eight, only to find that he had been expelled from his own bedroom, which was shrouded in dustsheets ready for the next day's redecorating.

Consequently, he couldn't find any of his evening things without a struggle with the furniture which had been moved to the centre of the room.

And all the evening I heard the backwash of his temper, which resolved itself into the complaint, "Why the something something can't spring cleaning be finished and done with during the day?" I agree with him wholeheartedly.

Spring cleaning *can* be done during the day, started and finished in no time with a vacuum cleaner. No longer is a vacuum cleaner a luxury; it's a necessity. No dust, no back-breaking stooping jobs, and, if you use it regularly, not nearly such an upheaval at spring cleaning time for the house won't be really dirty. Lastly, no frayed tempers!

For ten shillings down you can have a marvellous vacuum cleaner, paying the balance by easy payments. You will never regret the day that you decided to invest in one. In fact, you will wonder how you ever managed without it. If you want fuller particulars, please write to me, marking your envelopes "Vacuum."

And I hope you will write, Mrs. Jones, for I am going to another dance with your son next week, and I want him to arrive on time and in a better temper this time!

★ At this time of the year I often feel that something should be done about my face. Maybe I have a new spring hat or suit, and I feel that my face still looks rather wintry and fog-ridden.

I know a lot of you feel the same as I do, for I get numbers of letters from readers asking for advice on this subject. Many of them don't want to go to beauty parlours and ask me to tell them about some home treatment, by which they can get their complexions ready to face the first sunshine of spring.

Well, I do know of a good home treatment which is exactly the same preparation used by a well-known beauty expert in her Bond Street beauty parlour. It is a facial pack made in four varieties, of which at least one will be right for you.

The open pore pack is made for oily skins. It closes up pores, tones and invigorates the skin, and helps to clear blackheads. The almond bleach pack is for whitening sallow and discoloured skin. The acne and blackhead pack combats and clears up skin blemishes; and last, there is a pack that is made specially for evening make-up.

It gives the ideal matt surface foundation that is so necessary; tightening sagging muscles and cleaning, brightening and toning up the skin. And it suits every type of complexion.

Each of these packs is in a packet priced at 1s., which contains sufficient for three applications. All you have to do is to mix a portion of the powder into a paste with cold water (or rose water for preference,) apply this paste to the face with a pad of cotton-wool or a small soft brush, and leave it on until it is hard. Then remove it with a damp face-cloth.

If you write to me, enclosing 3d. in stamps, and telling me which pack you would like, I will have one sent to you post free. If you are not quite sure which is the most suitable for your skin, tell me all about your complexion and I will have the same Bond Street beauty specialist tell you which pack is best. Please mark your envelopes "Facial."

★ When you see Claudette Colbert in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, you will see her eat thirty-one green onions in one of the scenes. Yet she simply loathes onions in any shape or form! Think of that!

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in this page please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help in such matters

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"lunch with him" the all-important cardigan suit in woollen with newest neck-line and contrast facings. jacket is unlined. available in leading shades.
cash 3 gns. 9/- monthly (7 equal payments)

corot
(dept. p.s.299)
33, old bond street, london, w.1. regent 0234

free! i am interested in becoming a corot client. please send spring fashions portfolio and full details.

name

address
p.s.299

Why are YOU missing these openings?

During the past 19 years our Appointments Department has been asked by business firms to fill thousands of SALARIED sales positions with ATTWOOD men. These business houses are calling for ATTWOOD men in greater numbers than they are qualifying for this well-paid work.

If YOU are in a dead-end job with no real prospects why not let us help YOU out of the rut? Our 19 years' specialised experience of this work is at your service. You can qualify for this work through spare-time home study, after which we will give you

Introductions to SALARIED Posts

Most of the men whom we have placed in good selling positions have never sold anything before. Do you know that over 4,000 *new* men, without previous selling experience are required yearly to make good those who fall out through retirement and death? Here is your golden opportunity to get into this well-paid work with the assistance of a Proved Appointments Service which enters more SALARIED vacancies than qualified men on its register.

Send for FREE Book

Salesmanship is a career of dignity and good rewards combined with security and the opportunity to rise to the highest positions in Business. Do you realize that the salesman's work brings extra money directly into the business, whereas, most other workers take it out? That is why firms are able to pay good money to good salesmen. Send the Coupon TO-DAY for a very interesting FREE book which tells you all about the opportunities awaiting YOU in the selling profession. Post free and without obligation of course.

HERE is PROOF

A Managing Director writes:—
We have several of our salesmen taking a Sales Course with you. We are also making it a rule that all sales applicants other than those with experience must be prepared to take a Wallace Attwood Course.

A Sales Manager writes:—
Mr. P., who was introduced to us by you, has opened up a record number of accounts. When one considers that he had no previous selling experience, you will appreciate this as a compliment to your service.

A Student Writes:—
"Your Course raised me from an 'out-of-work' into a £50-a-month job."

What about YOUR Future?

You owe it to yourself to investigate the prospects awaiting YOU in the selling world. You can do so without cost or obligation by posting the coupon below.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Ltd., Dept. 29B, Victoria House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.
Please send me your FREE BOOK, "The Profession of Salesmanship."
Name .....
Address .....

The WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE Ltd
Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

ODD MAN OUT

Before you pack your bag to go places in a big way, it is as well to make sure that your sins will not catch up with you. Ask Young Dan'l about it. He knows how, and only too well

BY JOHN DANBY

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD LAMPITT

Outwardly he preserved his stolid demeanour, but inwardly his thoughts seethed and flowed in the happiest way. He even found satisfaction in ploughing his furrows deep and straight. Yet more than anyone else, his team of horses sensed the change in Dan

SEATED on the shaft of a derelict waggon, Dan Okerstrom put the finishing touches to the length of trace he was mending.

In several ways the completed job reflected the character of the worker. The trace had been stitched and bound by a thick piece of flexible wire. It was not a neat job; nor was it especially good, for the wire was bound so tightly that friction and corrosion must soon eat into the already rotted leather. But it was uncompromisingly obvious and solid. It suggested the worker to be one who saw little further than primary cause and primary effect; it suggested a man of blunt stolid competence. Taken all round, it was a pretty fair indication of Dan Okerstrom's character.

Dan stood up now and grasping the trace on either side of his handiwork, tugged heavily. Good enough, he thought. It would last another season anyway.

As an afterthought he passed the whole trace through his fingers. He quickly found that which he half wanted, half feared. In another place the leather was cracking and beginning to part. The savage wrench he gave made it tear dustily.

Dan sat down again. He flung away the trace violently, spat viciously in the direction it fell and then, his face working, started to curse.

It was a bitter, comprehensive curse. Chief recipient of its venom was his father, followed in short order by the farm, the crops, the county, the State and, finally, himself.

His father he cursed heartily and satisfyingly. He cursed his grasping, domineering, old-country temper. He cursed his stubbornly old-fashioned way of farming; his insistence on deep ploughing; his love of horses and hatred of tractors; his scanty use of fallow land and chemical fertiliser. Particularly he cursed him for the money laid away in Government bonds.

The farm he cursed for the dilapidated, rusty, paintless, treeless, worn-out half-section it was. The crops, the county, and the State he lumped together and cursed as one.

Himself he swore at for being a supine clunk of twenty-two, who hadn't enough energy and good sense to get up and walk out of a situation which was, for him, becoming increasingly unbearable.

Before he had properly finished, a distant banging and clattering heralded the approach of the decrepit model T truck and his younger brother Cliff.

He was about to stretch his curse a little and include Cliff, but common sense re-asserted itself. Cliff was not a bad fellow; anyway he was always cheerful, though what he had to be cheerful about Dan never could discover.

The truck crashed blithely into the farmyard. There was a barking of dogs, a squawking of chickens, a final explosion as the engine stopped, a banging of cream-cans, and Cliff's voice yelling noisily for Dan.

Dan returned no answer. Usually he found more pleasure than he was willing to admit in the news and gossip his brother brought back from the cream route. To-day his humour was too black to allow such petty recreation.

But Cliff was not to be denied. His shouts continued, and Dan heard him enter the barn and the stables. Obviously the news was of some importance, so Dan got up surlily and announced his presence from the door of the shed.

Cliff came up at a run, his cheerful young face alight with excitement.

"Hey, Dan," he burst out, "we've got our chance at last! Two hundred and fifty dollars. We can get it easy. We can buy a new truck, run this route through the whole corner of the county, and then clean up. Oh, boy! How does that sound?"

Dan, dull and uncomprehending, stared at his brother. His face screwed up in his effort to digest the statement. Finally he found the weak spot. "Where will *you* get two hundred and fifty bucks?" he demanded, crushingly.

Cliff said: "I didn't say me. I said *we*."

"Alright. We. Where will we get two-fifty?"

"Oh ye of little faith!" said Cliff. He caught his brother affectionately by the arm, pulled him inside the shed and sat him on the waggon shaft.

"Now, here's the whole story; and don't interrupt till I'm through. The first thing I saw when I got to town to-day was a whacking big billboard sign stuck up by the movie theatre. Two weeks come Saturday they're having a benefit show in aid of the people who were caught in that big flood back east. There's going to be a movie, a band from the city, entertainers, and I don't know what all. It's going to be a real big show and the tickets are a dollar apiece. Well, to get the crowd in and all that, they're giving a prize, two hundred and fifty dollars to the fellow who guesses nearest the number of tickets sold!"

"Yes, but ——"

"Be quiet. Listen. I asked the fellows at the creamery about it, and it's the straight goods. The tickets don't go on sale till the night of the show. That means all you've got to do to win the prize is to guess the number of people in the theatre. Do you get it?"

"Oh, sure, I get it! Apart from the fact that we've got about two chances in a thousand, the cash is as good as ours right now." Heavy sarcasm was Dan's single weapon of precision, frequently used with deadly effect upon the volatile Cliff. To-day his shell was a dud.

"The chances against our getting that money," Cliff announced calmly, "are, as nearly as I can figure, five to one." He silenced his brother's interruptions and went on. "I worked the whole thing out while I was getting the second load of cream. It's so simple, it's just bound to work. Listen."

"The theatre seats somewhere around six hundred; I don't know the exact number, but I'll go in early next Saturday and check it up. There'll be a bigger crowd than six hundred for the benefit show, so they'll put in more seats, and have 'em standing behind. Well, on the night of the show I'll be just about the first one to get in. I'll count every new seat and when they're filled up, I'll give my own seat to someone and count the people standing behind. By doing that I should get pretty close to the number, shouldn't I?"

"Maybe. But where do I come in?"

"Right here. If we get down early we can park the car so close to the theatre that you can see and count everyone that hands in a ticket. That's your job. You've got to count everyone that goes in. You can do that from the car at first, and when the crowd gets thick you can stand in the entrance. By doing that you should get pretty close to the number, shouldn't you?"

"I guess I should."

"Okay. You've got to be the last one to come in. You meet me inside and we compare our totals. They should be within ten of each other, or maybe closer. We split the difference and put in our guesses. Then we collect the dough. Get it?"

"S-a-a-y, that's not bad. Gee, it's great. . . ."

Cliff accepted his triumph modestly.

Through spectacles of the rosiest of tints Dan watched the following two weeks drag by. Outwardly he preserved his stolid demeanour (perhaps it was impossible for him to do otherwise) but inwardly his thoughts seethed and flowed in the happiest way. He even found satisfaction in ploughing his furrows deep and straight.

More than anyone else, his team of horses sensed the change in Dan. But though they idled and dawdled now without fear of the long stick, formerly given liberal use, they little knew what a series of delighted visions they were pulling along with their master.

For Dan already considered the two hundred and fifty dollars as good as his. So patiently had he and Cliff elaborated and rehearsed the plan, it was quite unthinkable that he should fail to win the prize. The only problem before him now was the division and laying out of the money.

Of course, Cliff's idea about that wasn't bad; after a fashion it was plain common sense. Chugging around in his derelict old truck he managed to pick up and deliver enough cream to make a clear fifteen dollars a week. With a new speedy truck he could extend his routes,

(*please turn to page* 32)

For the First Time—New Hair on 'Easy Terms'

Offer of Exceptional Interest to All Readers who are

BALD, GREY or LOSING HAIR

LEADING HAIR CONSULTANT'S WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

COSTS NOTHING TO TEST

and if you decide to continue — ONLY 1/6 per week... for a Short Period

Including Free Supply of all necessary preparations for six months

Mr. Frederick Godfrey,
Founder of the Renew Hair Institute and Discoverer of the Hydropathic and other Scientific Modern Treatments for Hair Troubles.

NO introduction of Frederick Godfrey is necessary to readers of this Periodical. During the last 10 years he has come to be generally recognised as the Pioneer of the Modern Science of Hair-Growing.

His latest and greatest undertaking is announced to-day—an offer the like of which has never been known in connection with any similar Treatment.

YOU CAN NOW PAY FOR YOUR NEW HAIR BY EASY WEEKLY PAYMENTS WHILST YOU ARE GROWING IT.

This is not only a great boon to many people who cannot conveniently pay in advance (or who object to doing so), but it also indicates Mr. Godfrey's unbounded confidence in the effectiveness of a wonderful Treatment which has already been so extensively tested—and proved beyond a doubt.

IN THE LAST TEN YEARS MORE THAN 600,000 MEN AND WOMEN HAVE FOLLOWED THIS TREATMENT WITH THE HAPPIEST RESULTS, AS INDICATED BY THEIR "REPORTS OF PROGRESS" FILED AT THE RENEW HAIR INSTITUTE.

Now, all the discoveries of the Institute, all the experience of ten years and 600,000 cases, have been packed into one comprehensive Course of Home Instruction. Follow the easy "lessons" and you CAN'T GO WRONG, for if there is something unusual about your case, the Course will be adapted accordingly. By progressive stages, it will Remove the Cause of your Baldness or Hair Trouble, Re-condition the Scalp, Restore normal Circulation, Stimulate the Roots, strengthen new hairs and provide them with nourishment. A Bald Head or Bald Patches will soon be covered. Grey or faded hair will soon regain its former brilliance. "Falling out" will cease. Scurf, dandruff, irritation and all adverse conditions will clear away. Whatever your age, however long-standing or severe your Hair trouble, you can have hair that is strong, fast-growing, abundant and gleaming with rich, natural, youthful tints. This is also a course which is well worth every man and woman's while to take up, even if they have no special Hair failing, because it will ensure the Hair always appearing at its best—in fact, "Good Hair for Life." The first step is to fill in and post the form at foot.

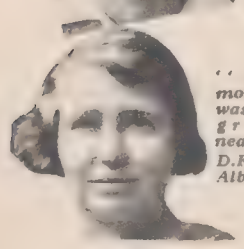
FREE ★ THIS VALUABLE BOOK OF HAIR INFORMATION SENT TO ALL APPLYING FOR FREE TRIAL SUPPLY ON FORM BELOW

These People Say :

"Very proud of hair after being completely bald at back with several patches in front."
D.L., Bampton.

"Hair really lovely. I had Scarlet Fever; hair was very thin."
O.M.L., S. Norwood.

"Bald patches all over the head—now all covered."
J.W.B., York.



"Three months ago was quite grey and nearly bald."
D.F.C., St. Albans.

8 Years Cavalcade of Hair Growing Triumphs

Proves Renew Hair Method no mere "Stunt," but a Genuinely Successful Treatment.

1930, *November 17th,* **"Colour Improved"** *Chesterton, Staffs.*
My hair has improved very much in colour with the second bottle of Renuklor. I am well satisfied with your Treatment.—D. K.

1931, *May 1st,* **"New Hair Spreading"** *Kobe, Japan.*
I have much pleasure in advising you that a steady improvement is being made, and very gradually the hair is spreading over the bald part of my head, which as you know dates back some thirty years.
For a man of 60 years to renew his hair with a new growth and with the natural colour of his youth, is indeed very wonderful.—Mr. L. B.

1932, *May 7th.* **"New Hair on Bald Patches"** *Edinburgh.*
I am very grateful to you for your "Renew Hair Treatment," it is really wonderful. New hair has grown all over the bald patches and continues to get thicker, truly marvellous after only six weeks' Treatment.—W. S.

1933, *April 24th.* **"Was Bald for 40 Years"** *Hunslet, Leeds.*
The results have far exceeded my expectations after two months' treatment. I have new hair growing on my scalp which has been bald for over 40 years. Also my hair was white in places before using your treatment, now I am pleased to say it is going back gradually to its original colour.—W. F.

1934, *June 12th.* **"Natural Dark Brown"** *Melton Mowbray.*
I am delighted to let you know that your preparation has done for my hair more than I had ever dreamt it was possible to do. The grey hairs have disappeared, and the natural dark brown has grown lovely and wavy. So will you please send me my third bottle and then I will send in my last report. Thanking you again.—A. H. B.

1935, *January 5th.* **"The Right Treatment"** *Gt. Mongeham, Nr. Deal.*
I am glad to say my hair is coming back very fast, and if it goes on like it has the last month, I shall have a nice head of hair in a short time. I must say I am grateful for what you have done for me. In my case, your "Renair" Pomade is the right treatment. It has done for me in three months, what others could not do in ten.—Mr. O. H.

1936, *May 17th.* **New Hair Growing** *Bayswater, London, W.2.*
I am very happy to be able to tell you what this new Treatment has done to my scalp. There is new hair growing where I was bald; it seems too good to be true after so many years and so much spent on different treatments.—Mrs. L. A.

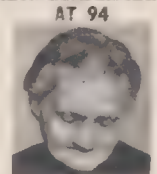
1937, *December 31st.* **"Patches Filling Up"** *Staines, Middlesex.*
This being the end of my first month's treatment, I am pleased to report to you a very satisfactory improvement in the condition of my hair. The patches are gradually filling in and the hair in general appears very much stronger. The hair that is growing is very fair, but I have every hope of it darkening as the treatment proceeds. I should be pleased to receive the next supply as soon as possible, as I have all but used the first.—Mr. F. G.

AFTER 18 YEARS OF SUCCESS—The Renew Hair Treatment is To-day More Effective than Ever.

BALD and GREY FOLK SPECIALLY URGED TO ACCEPT THIS ORIGINAL OFFER

The Renew Hair Treatment has grown New Hair for people of all ages and with the most severe Hair Troubles—including a Southend lady who had been bald for 50 years, several men who had neither hair, eyebrows nor eyelashes, and this

LADY WHO GREW NEW GOLDEN HAIR AT 94



"My mother hadn't a hair on her head, but we decided to give your preparation a Trial. The result is a complete growth of new hair, of the same golden colour as when she was a young woman. Mother is 94 years old, so you can imagine how delighted she is." Yours truly C.T., N.15.

LET ME REPEAT—
It is Never Too Late To Grow Hair—Simply Post Form on Right and I will do everything that is necessary.

THRILLING ROMANCE

How over £200,000 has been spent in the last ten years to provide the greatest Scientific Hair Service in the World for only 1/6 per week.

The first inception of the new World-famous "Renew Hair Institute" took place some ten years ago in a cottage in the Derbyshire hills, rented at only 3/- per week, in which Fredk. Godfrey lived and worked on problems of hair-health and hair-growth. Living expenses were kept down to less than thirty shillings a week, and every penny that could be spared was put into apparatus and materials and every available minute was devoted to the study of the scalp and the effects of various treatments.

Increasing hair-growing success followed the new knowledge gained, and in course of time, ever-increasing numbers of inquiries flowed in from all parts of the country. Then came the first important Hair Growth discovery—value of

MATLOCK BATH

Hydropathy—the special form of treatment for which Matlock and Matlock Bath have been famous for hundreds of years. Frederick Godfrey applied the hydropathic principle to Hair-growth with remarkable results. This had the effect of increasing his clientele enormously and it was at this stage that "Frederick Godfrey" first became a household word as the name of the man who could really teach men and women how to grow new hair. The first discovery led up to the second important innovation. It was noticed that when various prescriptions were mixed with water from the celebrated Mineral Spring at Matlock Bath their hair-growing properties were immensely improved and speeded up. Scientific analysis of this water revealed

Radio-Activity due to the presence of salts of Radium, that rare and extremely expensive "earth" which is daily working wonders of healing in the hospitals of the World.

To secure unlimited supplies of this water for seekers after better hair involved the purchase of the greatest Thermal Spring in the country—from which Matlock Bath takes its name and fame. It included a Hydro and Swimming Bath, the latter being visited by thousands brought during the summer in Motor Coaches from Manchester, Sheffield, and all the Western and Midland industrial towns. The Hydro premises were converted into laboratories for the production of the famous Godfrey Hair Preparations.

The next important step forward was the realisation of the principle of

Antiseptic Stimulation

for the scalp. As soon as it was proved that most cases of hair-loss were connected with the action of germs deep in the scalp, the Institute's experts started their search for the remedy. "Bactericide No. 2" was the final perfection of their labours—a wonderful liquid which not only penetrates deeply into the scalp to kill germs, but at the same time gently stimulates dormant roots into new life.

These three great discoveries are now combined in the "Good Hair for Life" Course which is offered to-day on such remarkable easy-payment terms.

People have travelled from farthest China, Siam, Australia and North and South America to have the benefit of Mr. Godfrey's advice, whilst Royal personages in many countries regularly use Renew Hair Preparations.

On the technical side, highly qualified Chemists examine and approve every chemical and other ingredient on its arrival in bulk at the laboratories, and again examine every mixing of every individual preparation before it is bottled or packed for despatch.

ALL THREE DISCOVERIES

These important discoveries, this attention to detail and individual consideration for each "hair sufferer's" needs, have brought their reward. They have built up the biggest business of its kind in the world.

All this has involved expansion in various directions—for instance, the installation of modern printing plant for instructions, labels, etc. The Renew Hair Institute has even had to build up a small fleet of vans and motor-cars, and to set up a Petrol Station for their needs—a Station now also supplying big Transport Companies using the route from the Industrial North to the South Coast. (In this connection also, tribute must be paid to the co-operation of the Post Office who send special vans to collect and deliver the large mass of daily correspondence and parcels).

The cost of these facilities and all the preliminary research, and of publishing the news so that sufferers from deficient hair might learn about them, has been more than £200,000. The result, however, has fully justified all the work and the outlay, for it has brought down the cost so that to-day it is available for only 1/6 per week for a short period in order to secure Good Hair for Life.

Remember, it is introduced to you on the fairest of all business principles, "Try before you Buy," a Free Trial Supply being yours for the asking, if you merely fill in the coupon below.

POST COUPON TODAY—for Free Trial Supply—also BOOK & ADVICE

TO
FREDERICK GODFREY
Dept. P.S., Whatstandwell,
Matlock, Derbyshire.

Please send me Free Trial supply of your Treatment, also full particulars, with new Easy Payment Terms.

NATURE of HAIR TROUBLE
Baldness (Extensive), Bald Patches, Greyness, Hair Falling Out, Scurf, Dandruff, Irritable Scalp.
Strike out all but your own condition.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

The Doctor is *so* cheerful at breakfast . . *now!*

"I'm very glad to see your appetite's returned, Agatha my dear. Incidentally, mine too! You know, it's rather odd, but it appears to have coincided, not only with my treatment, but with the appearance of this Olde English Marmalade on the breakfast table. Either I'm a very good doctor, or this is very good marmalade! Well, well, my dear, I must admit the marmalade was your idea. Who congratulates whom, I wonder?"

OLDE ENGLISH MARMALADE never fails to make breakfast the enjoyable meal it ought to be. You'll like its soft chunky peel and the true natural flavour of best Seville oranges. Buy a jar of Chivers "Olde English" to-day and see how appetites gladly respond to its delightful touch of tonic bitterness.

CHIVERS
Olde English
MARMALADE
Starts the Nation's Day

1-LB. JAR—8d.
2-LB. JAR—1/2½d. H.196

Send For BIG **FREE CATALOGUE!**

SMALLER SHEDS from 25/-

SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED

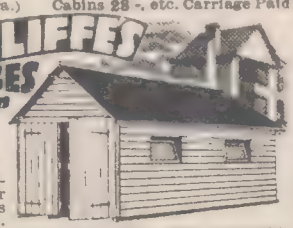
FROM **3/8** MONTHLY

Design S.S. For storing Tools, Garden & Household Implements, Cycles, Prams, Toys, etc. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections. Easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floors extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or monthly
6 ft.	4 ft. 6 in.	6 ft.	£2 0 0	3 8
7 ft.	6 ft.	6 ft.	£3 2 0	5 8
10 ft.	7 ft.	6 ft.	£4 5 0	7 7
12 ft.	8 ft.	7 ft.	£5 10 0	10 2

Send for Free Catalogue. Sheds 25/-. Garages 77/6. Greenhouses 57/6. Aviaries 48/-. Workshops £4. Garden Houses 42/6. Poultry Cabins 28/-, etc. Carriage Paid

SUTCLIFFE'S GARAGES from 6/11 MONTHLY

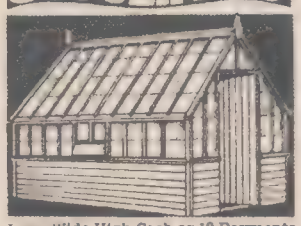


Design RV. Strong-sectional Timber built Garages easily erected. Lowest prices and best value. Delivered carriage paid. cash or monthly payments. Glass & roofing felt supplied. Floor extra. Steel Framed Garages *from* £8 10s. 9d.

Long	Wide	High	Cash or	monthly
11 ft.	7 ft.	7½ ft.	£5 17 6	10 10
13 ft.	7 ft.	7½ ft.	£6 13 0	12 3
14 ft.	8 ft.	8 ft.	£8 2 6	14 11
16 ft.	8 ft.	8½ ft.	£9 9 0	17 4

Send for Big Free Catalogue. Garages 77/6. Asbestos Garages £5 5s.. Kennels 27/-, Aviaries 48/-, Poultry Cabins 28/-, Bungalows £22 5s, etc.

SUTCLIFFE'S GREENHOUSE DESIGN J.H.



From **5/5** MONTHLY

Built in 6 sections plus staging for both sides. Simple to erect. Mortise & tenon joints. Weather-board base. Best Horticultural glass supplied. Also paint for one coat after erection. Send for free Greenhouse Catalogue. Sheds from 25/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash or	12 Payments
7 ft.	5 ft.	6½ ft.	£2 17 6	5/5
9 ft.	6 ft.	7 ft.	£3 17 6	7/2
10 ft.	7 ft.	7½ ft.	£4 17 6	9/0
12 ft.	8 ft.	8 ft.	£6 10 0	11/11

Garages 77/6, Pavilions £5 1s., Poultry Houses 28/-, Aviaries 48/-, Army Huts £9 12s., Bungalows £22 5s., etc. All Carriage Paid.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 64 Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks
Tel: 217 London Showrooms: 40-42 Oxford Street, W.1.

increase his trips, and double his money. The payments could be cleared off in a year, and after that, well, there were lots of things the profits could be invested in.

The wisdom of this course was clear to Dan—and yet, and yet——

How he hated this damned worn-out farm. Left to himself he might do something with it; decent crops, new crops might yet be raised; fertilisers and new machinery would work wonders, but try telling that to his grim, miserly dad.

It was all right for Cliff. He just looked after the cattle and drove the truck. "Yes," said Dan to himself, "it's pretty easy for him. And with a new truck he'd be his own boss. While I——

"Let's see, I've got nearly a hundred dollars in the bank; I can pick up a couple of hundred more on the threshing gangs this harvest; and with two hundred and fifty on top of that. Sa-av, I could go to Chicago an' learn to wor' a diesel tractor or a steam shovel, maybe. Then go out west with a construction gang . . . freedom . . . freedom . . ."

On the day of the benefit performance Cliff and Dan arrived in the little farming town at noon. Five minutes later their big, wooden-wheeled tourer was parked as close to the theatre as the law allowed. It commanded an unobstructed view of the entrance.

Having arranged to meet in the evening they then went their separate ways; Cliff to gossip at the creamery; Dan, when he had seen his brother safely around the corner, to remove a basket grip from under the blankets at the back of the car, and to unobtrusively proceed to the railroad depot. A train left there at eleven for the State capital.

At half past six the doors of the theatre opened and Cliff passed inside. Dan, sitting in the old car, pressed the plunger of the little watch-like adding machine Cliff had procured for him from the mail-order house. Cliff had one for himself too; he was taking no chances on their memories.

A dozen or so people followed his brother and then for ten minutes Dan had no one to count. He passed the time pleasantly by bidding a silent and derisive farewell to the town, its environments, and its inhabitants. He prayed also that he would never see them again.

He had only one regret—the rather shabby way he had to leave Cliff. But that, he told himself, could not be helped. And, since he was leaving for good, Cliff would eventually have his own share of the farm; more than sufficient recompense there.

The crowd started to gather, and there was no more time for dreaming. Tense as a hawk, Dan clicked off the enterers.

Towards half-past seven the crush became so dense that he left the car and, unnoticed, stationed himself in the far corner of the entrance, diagonally from where the tickets were being taken. It was impossible to miss anyone from there. Dan hunched himself in one huge effort of concentration.

When the performance started, at eight o'clock, people were still dribbling in. Ten minutes later they were still coming, but slowly, and, conspicuous now, Dan found himself being regarded curiously by the usher at the door, and by the theatre manager who had emerged from the box-office. Finally the latter approached him.

"What are you waiting for, buddy? Is your party late?"

Surprisingly glib, Dan jumped at the cue: "Yes, I'll say he's late. I'm waiting for my brother. He was supposed to be here half an hour ago."

The usher heard this and moved over.

"Your name's Okerstrom, ain't it?"

"That's right. Dan Okerstrom."

"I thought I recognised you. Your brother brings cream in here every day, doesn't he?"

"Sure, that's him."

"Well, I think I saw him go in over an hour ago. Maybe not, but I think so."

"Gee!" said Dan. The usher walked back to let in three late-comers. Hand in pocket, Dan clicked them off.

"Well," said the manager, "you'd better go in now or you'll miss the show. It's been on a quarter of an hour already."

Dan was ready for that. He said with well-assumed disgust. "I'd have done that long ago, but I've got no dough. I'd a ten dollar bill an' no change, an' I gave it to my brother to get the seats." To himself he thought, "I'll be needing my dollars. Maybe I can save one here."

The manager said nothing. In the next five minutes half a dozen stragglers came in. Then the girl at the box-office shut her wicket.

The manager came over to Dan again. "Listen, kid. If you want to go in the show now, you can. If your brother's bought the tickets, okay. If not, I'll trust you to send the money in to me later."

"Gee, thanks," said Dan (oh, boy, was that smart!). As he went through the doors the usher handed him a little white card. "Write your guess on that," he said. "They'll be round to pick 'em up in a few minutes now."

Once inside, Dan glanced at the face of his little adding machine. It read 837.

The theatre was packed to suffocation; men and women were crowded along the side aisles, and behind the seats at the back. "Hell," thought Dan, "How'll I find Cliff?" and at the same moment saw him.

Cliff whispered, "Gosh, I thought you were never coming in."

"I'm the last one," Dan replied. "What's your total?"

"Eight hundred and thirty-nine. What's yours?"

"You're way over. I got everyone, an' I only make it eight hundred and seventeen."

"Well, someone's wrong. That's a difference of—let's see—twenty-two. Sure you're right?"

"Dead sure."

"Well, we'll split it. You write down eight twenty-eight, I'll take eight thirty."

Dan moved along to an opening from where he could see the stage. The band from the city was playing; a girl was singing. Dan was unconscious of it. Elation rose like a tide within him; the difference of their totals was only *TWO*.

With a final crash the band ceased playing. The lights flashed up, and the theatre manager walked on to the stage.

He held up his hand for silence. The time had come he said to take up the estimates of attendance. The ushers were about to walk through the aisles and take up the tickets. He wanted the audience to look around carefully before they made their guesses. He himself would give them a tip—all previous attendance records had been broken, etc., etc. The tickets would be immediately checked by the cashier of the Farmer's National Bank and the result announced, before the feature film, by his honour the mayor. (Applause.)

Dan hesitated what to write. He was pretty sure he hadn't missed anyone going in, but Cliff had had the easier place to count from, and his total might be more nearly exact. He finally split the difference and wrote down 838.

During the hundred years through which the next half-hour lasted Dan perspired and fidgeted. To the magician, the juggler, and the gagteam who appeared on the stage he paid no attention.

At last the lights came up, and the manager re-appeared on the stage. He had, he said, the privilege of presenting two personages well known to them all—his honour the mayor, and the cashier of the Farmer's National Bank. (Scattered applause; one ironic cheer.)

The mayor graciously acknowledged the tribute; and cleared his throat.

He complimented the management upon the feast of good clean enjoyment presented that evening; He complimented the audience; he was gratified, deeply gratified, at the more than warm response they had made to a charitable appeal. The Romans, he pointed out, were justly eulogised as being first in peace and first in war. Could it not be said with equal truth that the citizens of the town he had the honour to represent were first not alone in industry and honest-to-goodness go-getiveness, but also in warmth of heart and downright thorough good-neighbourliness? (The applause indicated that it could be said.)

Continuing thus for ten minutes, he unconsciously jerked the cranks of the rack upon which Dan was stretched.

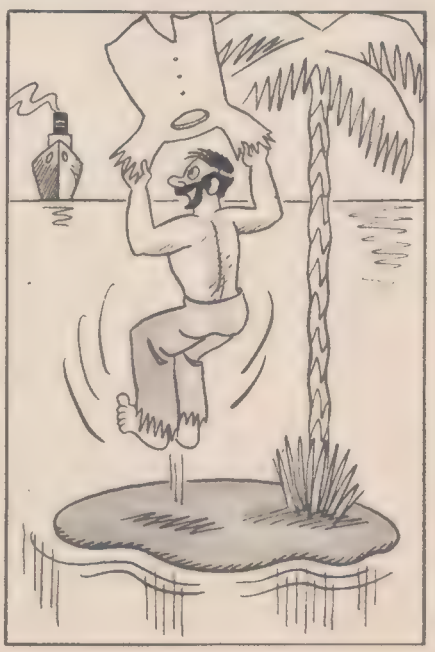
He concluded: "I will now call upon my very good friend and our trusted banker, to make known to us the result of to-night's competition."

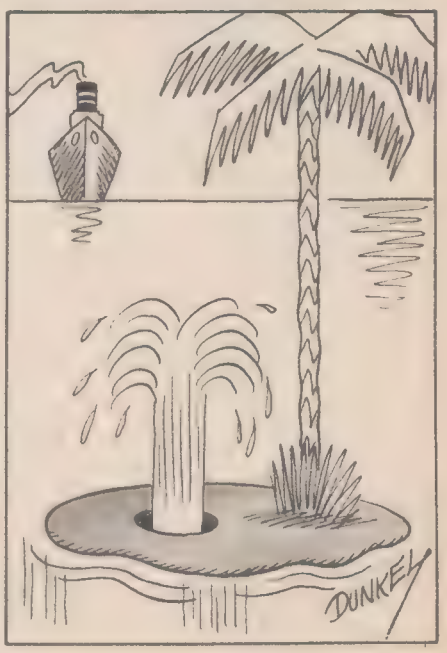
The banker stepped forward. Dan was conscious of a ghastly emptiness of stomach. The theatre grew dark; the atmosphere crushed like leaden fog.

The banker was speaking. ". . . and the tickets being carefully checked in my presence, it was found that the total of paid admissions amounted to no less a figure than eight hundred and thirty-seven." He paused. The theatre grew darker and darker; the oppression gathered force . . . crushing . . . crushing. "This number was correctly forecast by Miss Lena Schmidt."

Dan pushed his way blindly through the doors. He was deathly ill; lights flashed in his brain; around him spun whirlpools sucking everything into disintegration. "I must get my bag from the station," he mumbled to himself.

When the cold night air cleared his mind, sickening realisation flooded over him. "If I had only paid my dollar I would have won the prize. . . ."





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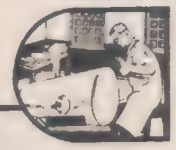

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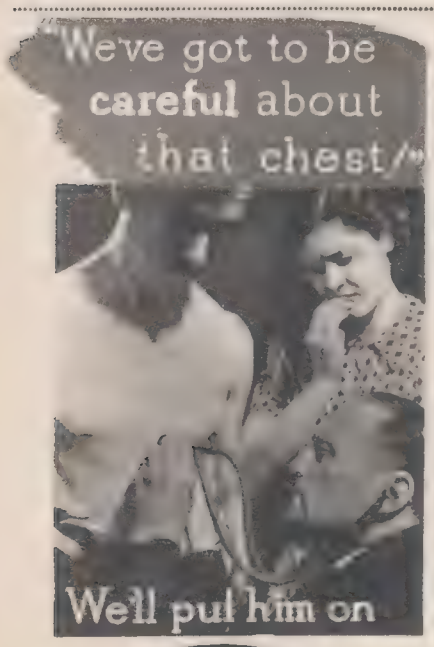

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R.A.590

SUCH IS FEAR

Continued from page 8

closely. He once said, "You'll find that she had no harmful motive."

"I'll discharge her to-night," Imbrie said; then, as if thinking aloud, "What good would that do? That would not end it."

They roused Emily in her quarters under the verandah. "I bin sick," she explained. "I have cold in my haid and cold in my belly." Most West Indian ills are called "colds." "An' I asked the Shango to fin' out what would be a cure."

"She's lying, of course," Imbrie said as he paced the verandah, lighting one cigarette from the butt of the last one. "How can we find the truth?"

At that moment Judson had no answer, but he knew it would have to be found fast. He could guess too well what was in Imbrie's mind now, reinforced, burrowing deeper.

Judson woke shortly before six. Without changing from pyjamas, he stepped out on to the verandah, then decided to walk about the place. The whole world was sparkling. It seemed deserted except for Murdock, who was carrying a basket of grape-fruit to the kitchen.

He walked for twenty minutes, never out of sight of the house, then he decided to question Emily more fully. She was at the stove when he entered the kitchen and she seemed surprised to see him.

"Good morning," he said. "How is your cold?"

"It's fine, Inspectah," she grinned. "I mean, it's passin' ovah."

"Why do you waste your money on such things as Shango?" he asked. The question really interested him. "There are excellent doctors not far away."

"Dey's many things educated people don't know," she smiled.

Judson looked at her closely, but she seemed unconcerned with his interest. He saw the basket of grape-fruit on the table and the way that Emily's glance shifted to them aroused his interest. He picked up two of the fruit and examined them. "Call Murdock and have him come here," he said sharply. With a sense of satisfaction he went to Imbrie's room. Imbrie's face showed that he had not slept. "Come to the kitchen with me," Judson said.

Murdock and Emily were waiting there uneasily. Very deliberately Judson asked: "Have any people but yourselves been here this morning?" He was sure of their answer because he had seen no one near the house. Then, picking up a grape-fruit, he pointed to a half-dozen little brown holes, each like the prick of a thorn in the skin. "Were these holes in these fruit when you picked them, Murdock?"

Murdock looked at the fruit very timidly. "No, suh, I didn't see them."

"I knew there was something——!" Imbrie stepped forward. "I was sure of it."

"Let me handle this," Judson said kindly. "Why did you put these in here, Emily?"

"I didn't touch them," she said. Only her voice showed her nervousness.

"I know you probably meant no harm," Judson continued, "but I want you to tell Mr. Imbrie just what you were doing." He waited for an answer. "You thought you could give him something to make him more pleased with you, to give you more salary, to prevent him from dismissing you. What was it, Emily?"

She looked like some startled child then, hanging her head, she said: "I didn't mean to harm, suh. I want the overseer's place foah my brothah and I wanted Mr. Imbrie to be favourably inclined towar' me, suh. So I give him somethin' in his food that would incline him."

"You knew nothing of this, Murdock?"

"No-o, su-uh."

"And the Shango was for the same purpose, Emily?"

"Yes, suh," she said, terribly eager to be believed. "Mr. Imbrie didn't incline very fast, suh, an' I wanted to learn somethin' else I might do."

Judson was pleased to see the relief on Imbrie's face and to hear him say: "I'm glad it was no more than that, Emily."

"It wasn't nuthin' harmful," she repeated plaintively. "Just a little leaf juice."

"You can consider yourself very fortunate, if Mr. Imbrie does not dismiss you," Judson said, sternly. "That's how well your obeah has worked."

When they returned to the living-room Judson could see that Imbrie was limp, but that the strain was falling from his face. "There you are," he said, not knowing anything else to say. He felt a sense of relief, at a job done so quickly. There was no point in talking about it any more. "Supposing we have a hearty breakfast and then I'll get back to town."

Sometime later he called out: "I say, Imbrie, have you seen my shirt—the khaki shirt I wore yesterday?" Imbrie jumped up and they started to search the room. "I don't think there is much mystery about this." Judson laughed. "Just an open and shut case of petty larceny and I think I shall question young Murdock."

"Did you see your shirt before you went out this morning?" There was a quaver in Imbrie's voice.

"I don't believe I did." Obviously, Imbrie was taking this as something more than a trivial disappearance. "Don't bother about it," Judson said lightly, to show he attached no significance to it. "If you find it, send it to me."

Judson continued his packing, then questioned Murdock. The house-boy insisted that he knew nothing about the shirt and that he had seen no one round the house.

Then Judson heard Imbrie calling from the edge of the lawn, under the saman tree. "Look!" Imbrie pointed to a roll of khaki, bound with rope, that was lying under a bush. It was possible to imagine that it was doll-shaped. It was cut with a sharp blade in a dozen places and each cut was stained with something that looked like berry juice. "I knew we should find that your shirt had been used for this purpose," Imbrie said, nervously. "I knew it."

"Dammit, they've ruined a very good shirt," Judson exploded. Then, as he prowled through the grass at the edge of the lawn he tripped on an object and picked up a cutlass. "Whoever wished me hacked to pieces was kind enough to leave a weapon for it."

Imbrie looked with horror at the two objects. "That settles it. I told you it was no coincidence, that it was not imagination."

"But this doesn't concern you," Judson said steadily. "It was my shirt." He could see that Imbrie was standing still only by force of will. "After all, why should these tokens of best wishes be left for me? You've felt that your fears were connected in some way with that murder, but I had nothing to do with that."

They sat on the verandah, Imbrie looking like a man who could react no more. Judson examined the shirt, then fingered the cutlass. "I suspect that these things were left for me because I am an inspector of police." Then he cried out, so suddenly that Imbrie was startled. "Dammit, I've cut myself." He showed a small cut on one finger.

"Another coincidence?" Imbrie's voice trembled.

For the smallest part of a second Judson asked himself if it were more than a coincidence. He understood now how a man could be upset by such a coincidence. Then, in exasperation, he thought of one conclusion. "These things give us a clue to the person who left them."

"What sort of clue?"

"Obviously he is an extremely superstitious person who believes so deeply in his superstitions and in their power to do harm that he is willing to take the risk of coming here at night to get something of mine." Then his mind jumped forward.

"What was it you said last night about people believing these things so that they become a reality to them?" Judson spoke as if giving orders. "I would like every person on this place to gather here in your living-room at eight o'clock to-night. It may be a melodramatic experiment, but I think we might be able to end this sort of nonsense here for a long time."

It was almost dark when the people gathered outside the house, and there was an ominous sense of storm in the air. "That's all the better," Judson said. "A storm can make this even more impressive." He looked at the crowd gathered on the lawn. Most of the people were in overalls and work clothes, but one woman had put on a scarlet satin dress.

"Everybody will please come in," Judson said. Most of them had never seen the room before, and as they entered they looked about curiously. They saw at the end of the room a table on which two candles burned, the only light in the room. Rows of chairs were in front of the table. "The women will sit down," Judson said sternly, as he stood at the table. "The men will stand in the rear." He cleared his throat and looked at Imbrie, standing in the doorway. "We shall first call a list of names." He read the list; everybody was present. Then, moving behind the table, he said, "I think we can begin now. You are to consider this a court, a court that has come out to you. As officer plenipotentiary and extraordinary of His Majesty, the King, let me explain why this court has come. There have been occurrences here which need to be explained; unhealthy and ominous occurrences." He heard a rustle in the crowd and the sound of shuffling feet. "This," he showed the roll of khaki, "was found on the lawn here this morning. It is made from something that belonged to me, and I think you understand why it was made."

As Judson looked around the room he saw people drop their glances.

"Is there anyone here who will confess to having made this?" He waited. Breathing in the room became louder, but there was no other sound and no movement except the flicker of candle flame in the wind. "I could call in police constables, but in the grave circumstances, I think it better that we handle this ourselves. Instead of the police, we shall work obeah, too, here and now."

Some woman gasped.

"It will harm no one of you who is innocent. Do you understand that?" He wanted to prevent any mass flight from the room. "No person who is innocent need be afraid. But for the person who is guilty of making that . . ." He pointed to the doll, and as he turned the whole crowd turned with him.

"I want to get out," some woman said.

"No one will leave this room. Now then," he took the list of names and read one at random. "Edward Buckingham, come forward."

A tall, stout man moved slowly from the crowd.

"Give me a handkerchief, a belt, or something that belongs to you."

The man handed him a handkerchief. "If you made that doll," Judson said gravely, taking the handkerchief in each hand, "then, like the knot I am putting in this, a knot will slip over you——"

"No, no, no, suh."

Judson knotted the handkerchief once, twice. "A knot will slip over you and," he suspended the knotted handkerchief, "like this you will hang." He waited a moment. Buckingham stood still, his eyes fixed on Judson's hands, but with his face perfectly firm.

"Go back to your place."

There was a gasp in the audience, but no one said a word.

"Emma Bourne," Judson called. That was Bourne's sister. She was more frightened than Buckingham had been. She handed Judson a belt, watched him knot it wide-eyed and began to cry when she was sent back to her place. Mary Bourne, the daughter, followed. She came forward quickly and seemed unimpressed. Again that tense, watching crowd, that same silent moment, and Judson sent her back to her place.

He looked over the list and said, "Cecil Churchill."

Churchill came forward quickly. He tried to smile as he gave Judson a handkerchief, but he could not control his face, particularly his lower lip.

"Like this knot," Judson began, knotting the handkerchief, "a knot will slip over you——"

"Not me, suh, no suh, not me."

"Like this you will hang——"

"No, suh, not me."

"Like this," and Judson dangled the handkerchief. It swung back and forth.

The shriek set Judson's nerves on edge. Churchill turned to run towards the door, but Imbrie grabbed him and held him.

"I'll tell everythin', Inspectah," Churchill said with a moan. "I was afraid Mr. Imbrie or you would ask moah questions——"

"Questions about what?"

"I killed my brothah——!"

They drove Churchill to the police headquarters in Toco. An hour later they sat on the verandah.

"Rum punches," Imbrie called loudly to Murdock. "I think we could both use a drink."

There was no answer from Judson, and Imbrie looked at him as he sat fingering a knotted handkerchief.

"Yes," Judson said slowly. "The odd thing is, that he really will hang by the neck until dead."

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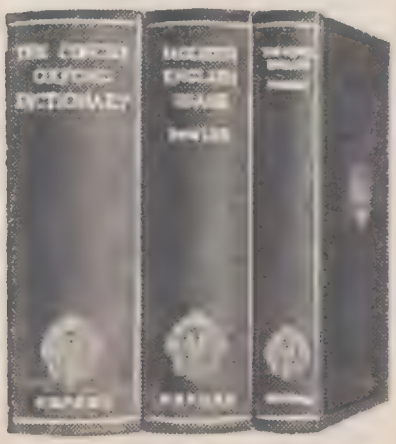

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GONE AWAY GALE

Continued from page 17

was thick enough to act as a wind break. There he sat down and tenderly fingered his swollen ankle.

"This is a rum go an' no mistake," he told himself bitterly. "I ought to ha' known better at my age, rushin' my fences like an unschooled two-year-old. An' now I wun't be able to see old Limpy make his last point."

That, at the moment, was his only consideration, his only grievance. He gave no thought to his own plight nor wondered how he would be able to walk the long six miles which separated him from the place he called home. Later, after he had rested a bit, would be time enough to think of that.

It was very quiet there in the lee of the hedge and, protected from the wind, Whip no longer felt the biting cold; or perhaps it was the burning, throbbing pain of his ankle which defeated all other discomforts.

He thought of the high lights of the day's hunt and of other hunts. He recalled to his memory, incidents of bygone seasons. Back still farther into the past he cast his mind, chuckling at this thought and that, running down illusive fragments of memory to their origin. Back yet farther his memories took him, until all "scent" failed and he was confronted by a mental wall of darkness beyond which he could not pass.

He puzzled over this a great deal and fingered the scar on the side of his head.

For a little while he slept; his sleep was dangerously close to the coma of unconsciousness.

He was awakened by the sound of thudding hooves. He heard a clear, youthful voice shout encouragingly :

"Up, boy ! Over !"

He saw, not ten yards from where he sat, a horse come flying over the hedge in a splendid arch and he noted, even in that swift passing moment, the rider's perfect style. But on landing, the horse pitched badly, went down and rolled over. When it regained its feet and walked away a few paces, its rider remained sprawled in a motionless huddled heap.

Whip Gale rose groaningly, every stiffened bone in his body aching, and made his way to the rider.

She opened her eyes as he carefully turned her over on to her back. He saw that it was Miss Violet—the master's youngest daughter.

"Hullo, Whip !" she said, bravely. "That was a dickens of a spill, wasn't it."

She tried to rise to her feet, then put her hands to her thigh and bit her lip to check a cry of pain.

"Leg's busted, I'm afraid, Whip," she said. Her eyes closed.

"Gor'," Whip muttered, in a panic. "This is a rum go. She'm fainted." He whimpered softly as he bent over her. He had been present at many hunting accidents, but never before had he been called upon to face the responsibility alone. He felt a warm breath on the back of his neck and, looking up, saw that the horse was muzzling him.

"Get away !" he cried, impatiently and raised his hand in an angry gesture. The horse snorted and backed away before Whip had time to remember his fear.

He rubbed the girl's cold hands and slapped her cheeks in a vain attempt to bring her back to consciousness. He softly cursed his own helplessness.

The rain commenced to fall again and Whip, lifting the girl's shoulders, managed to drag her to the shelter of the hedge. To his great relief, she opened her eyes.

"Did I faint, Whip?" she asked. "Don't tell any one—promise?"

"Gor ! You'm a rare plucked one, Miss Violet," he said.

"It hurts when I breathe, Whip. I think I've smashed a rib or two."

"Shouldn't wonder, Miss Violet. Your hoss rolled on you."

"It wasn't my fault he went down, was it, Whip?"

He shook his head.

"Leastways, your seat were proper, Miss Violet. An' I don't see how you could ha' stopped him from peckin' or kept him to his feet when he did. Mebbe, though, you didn't ought to ha' ridden him at this great old hedge. Mebbe 'e were over-tired, like."

"Perhaps, Whip."

"Did hounds kill, Miss Violet?" he asked, presently.

"No. Old Limpy went safely to earth once again."

"Good old Limpy !" Whip applauded. "An' where did the master draw arter that, Miss?"

"He didn't," the girl replied. "Said it was too late. So I thought I'd cut back home across country and——"

Her voice trailed off into silence, her eyes resting thoughtfully on her horse, which was standing dejectedly, its tail tucked between its legs, its belly drawn up, about fifteen yards away.

"Punch !" she called, softly.

The horse pricked up his ears and took a step or two toward her.

Whip looked at her in alarm.

"All right, Whip," she said, soothingly. "I won't call him any nearer. I couldn't ride him, anyway. But I thought I might write a note and tie it to his bridle for him to take home. Only, he wouldn't go home." She added, wistfully : "There's a packet of sandwiches and a flask of brandy in the saddle case, Whip."

The old man made no reply.

The direction of the wind changed and the rain was driven slantingly under the overhang of the hedge. The light was rapidly fading from the sky, but sufficient remained to show Whip that the girl's face was flushed and her eyes unnaturally bright. He put his hand on her forehead. It was burning hot. He thought :

"There's six fields 'twixt us an' the nearest road—an' one on 'em's that big ploughed thirty acre o' Farmer Todd's. Mebbe I could do it, crawlin' on hands and knees. An' I could stop one o' them motor-cars." He shivered. "But it don't seem right to leave Miss Violet. Summut might 'appen to her 'ere all alone."

He moved uneasily, conscious that her eyes were fixed on him. She said, as if answering his doubts :

"You go for help, Whip. I'll be all right, alone."

He showed her his swollen ankle.

"I've had a spill too, Miss Violet," he said. "Came a rare old cropper, that I did. All 'cause I rushed my fences, like."

She murmured sympathetically and closed her eyes again.

Whip stared wretchedly before him, wondering what to do, trying to comfort himself with the thought that there was nothing he could do—"old and crippled like wot I be," he concluded.

He took off his coat and waistcoat. Of the latter he made a pillow on which he tenderly rested the girl's head. His coat he spread over her legs. Then he sat so that his body partly sheltered her from the drive of the rain.

Once she murmured :

"We're two orphans of the storm, Whip."

The horse, needing company, came a little closer to them. Whip trembled. His hand closed on a large pebble. He was about to throw it, then he shook his head, gulped painfully, and called in a timorous voice :

"Here, Punch !"

He called again, in a louder, more determined tone. He sweated with terror when the horse came slowly to the order and stood close beside him.

"Steady, Punch. Steady, lad !" he said, as he rose, trembling, to his feet.

With shaking, clumsy fingers he unbuckled the brown leather case which hung from the saddle D's, then collapsed with an hysterical cry of triumph. He opened the case and held the flask it contained to the girl's lips. She drank a little—then sagged. She moaned in a pain-filled delirium. Whip ate several of the dainty sandwiches and took a long pull at the flask. The potent, aged liquor coursed like liquid fire through his veins. He no longer felt the pain of his ankle. His bones ceased to ache. The cold was vanquished and his thoughts raced with terrific speed and illogical sequence. With an effort he slowed them down and marshalled them in proper order :

"He must get help for Miss Violet with the least possible delay . . . Her life depended on that . . . He could not walk to the road . . . Even if he could crawl that distance, it would take too long . . . Speed was essential

. . . Speed ! . . . And so he must ride ! RIDE ! Ride a horse ! Ride Punch !

And having come to that decision, he acted swiftly before his fear could defeat it. He put the flask within reach of the girl's hand, then rose and hobbled to the near side of the horse. The animal loomed up like a dark shadow in the winter's gloom. It had no distinct shape and in that fact Whip found some little comfort.

"Steady, Punch," he begged, as he fumbled for the bridle reins and, talking in a soft, high-pitched voice, more to encourage himself than to soothe the horse, he led the animal to where a fence blocked a gap in the hedge. "Steady, Punch," he said, fearfully, as he climbed to the top of the fence.

The horse was an old hunt mount. It stood as steady as a rock when Whip half sprang, half fell from the stile across the saddle.

Gasping and spluttering, the triumph of achievement shocking him into a forgetfulness of his phobia, Whip seated himself firmly in the saddle. Instinctively his feet felt for and found the stirrups. As he gathered up the reins, the horse slowly turned its head as if to see who its new rider might be, and when Whip caught the gleaming white of its eye, he trembled so violently that he had to clutch the pommel of the saddle else he would have fallen off. He recovered almost at once and, taking a fresh grip of the reins, gingerly turned the horse round in the direction of the road. As they moved off, Whip swayed dizzily and half-strangled moans came from his wide parted lips.

Presently he found his leg muscles moving in rhythm to the horse's raking strides; his thighs gripped the saddle; the pressure of his knees would have held fast coins placed between them and the saddle flaps.

Punch broke into a trot, and Whip "posted"—correctly, albeit a little stiffly. The trot became a canter, and Whip rode bending forward, his grip on the reins firm and yet velvet soft.

He could scarcely see beyond the horse's ears and when Punch rose to a low hedge which suddenly loomed before him, Whip was almost unseated and they were half-way across the next field before he recovered his stirrups.

And then, as if the clearing of that very material obstacle had also carried him over the mental wall of darkness Whip was possessed by a feeling of intense exhilaration. He forgot his fear. He almost forgot the urgency of his mission.

Somewhere ahead of him a fox raced, pursued by muted hounds. To the right and left of him rode scarlet-coated horsemen.

"View halloa!" Whip cried, in a voice of bugle clearness.

He seemed now to have lost all consciousness of self. He was like a disembodied spirit whirled by the wind through the darkness. But gradually, by the time another hedge was cleared, another field crossed, the aged infirmities of his body weighted down his spirit. He gasped for breath. His numbed hands could no longer grip the reins. His ankle throbbed. His thighs ached and his legs flapped like lifeless wooden sticks over which he had no control.

But despite his discomfort, perhaps because of it, he hung on, remembering that he was riding for help. That thought steadied and held him to his purpose.

He gathered up the reins again and tried to check the horse's wild speed. He sawed desperately at the bit. He leaned far back in the saddle.

Lights flashed brightly before his eyes. He heard wild, excited voices and the blare of a horn.

Punch rose to a rail fence, hit the top, and came down heavily, throwing Whip clear.

The old man sat up immediately, to find himself surrounded by a number of men, their faces looking ghastly white in the glare of the headlights of two cars which were drawn up in the road near by. Most of them were second horsemen, walking tired mounts home after the day's hard run. They were quickly joined by the occupants of the cars—the master and several members of the hunt.

Whip imperiously silenced their excited questions. "Go and get Miss Violet," he cried. "She'm hurted bad."

He told them where they would find her and not until a search party had set out would he permit them to tend to him. He collapsed suddenly then.

So he did not know how they carried him to one of the cars and drove him at a fast speed to the cottage hospital. He did not know that they undressed him in the warmth of the car, rubbed his frozen body with brandy, poured more brandy down his throat and wrapped him snugly in a fur-lined rug.

He was in a warm, almost drunken stupor when the car stopped at the tiny hospital, and he was carried in strong arms and left to the tender, healing ministrations of kind-faced women.

For a moment he opened his eyes and smiled happily.

"It was a good run!" he said, with a chuckle. "A damned good run."

Then his eyes closed again and he slipped easily into his happy sequence of dreams.

"Did you have any difficulty with your French in Paris?"
"No, but the French did." *Nebelspalter, Zurich*

"Tell me, Commdr. Studd, do the prices in the programme include everything?"

I COULD see a twinkle in the husband's eye as his wife asked me the question. "I smoke rather a lot of cigarettes," he added. "Well, you'll have to provide your own," I said laughingly, "and we'll provide the ash-trays."

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Send for my Jubilee Programme

I can promise you many delightful surprises as you turn the pages of my big new programme and realise how easy and inexpensive it is to take the holiday of your dreams. Just send the coupon and I will have your free copy sent at once.

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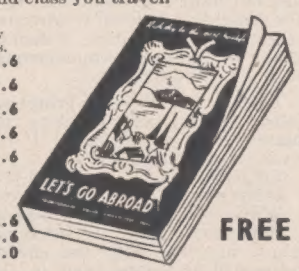

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NEXT WEEK

WE have spent so many weary hours sitting around scratching our heads trying to think of something new to say about the backgrounds of new serials, that we take great delight in announcing that "North Wings," the serial story by Robert Ormond Case beginning in the Spring Number next week, has no local colour worth mentioning.

A yarn of frontier intrigue and a fight for frozen gold, it opens with the murder of old "Swiftwater" Stewart who has just found a lode, and the plans made by Young Court Stewart and Skinner McGinn to share their knowledge of its location in a wilderness reconnaissance by air.

The fun begins, of course, when the villain of the piece helps them to turn the boom town of Atherton into such a tough spot that in comparison the Roaring U Camp of all our yesterdays would seem like a seaside boarding house in the middle of January.

As we have already suggested the local colour is mainly that of arctic wastes and frozen woods, while behind it all there is the roar of powerful aero-engines and the occasional crack of a gun to break the stillness they leave behind.

"It was my aim throughout to present the background so that any man who had visited the region would concede that the action could have happened there—which is the best test of fictional narrative," said Mr. Case, whose comprehensive knowledge of British Columbia is based on fourteen years devoted to that part of the great north west.

"The story 'Wings North" emerged from many lengthy conversations with a well-known aviator-prospector who, each summer, flies several prospectors of proved ability to scattered points throughout the north, oftentimes to unmapped lakes and creeks impossible to reach through other means. Each fall he flies back and picks them up, together with whatever dust they have found during the season."

That's just the beginning of an issue that will keep you out of mischief for so long they'll have the doctor in to see what's making you so quiet.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

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A JURY is one thing that never works properly after it has been fixed, says our old friend Mr. E. Ley, of Camberley, Surrey, in a spirit of cynicism that makes us feel all is well with the world, despite the machinations of the late Mr. Karl Marx, the Italian gentlemen who have left the ice-cream business to try to lambaste the mortar out of Madrid and the fairies, to boot, who leave paw marks on our editorial packing case.

Among other things, Mr. Ley believes:

The shortest perceptible unit of time is the difference between the instant the traffic lights change and the driver behind sounds his horn.

A used car is not what it is jacked up to be and, in the rush for raw materials, almost any nation would sell its soul for a mess of potash.

We are sorry not to be able to continue this way for, in the grey light of this gloomy day, we are thoroughly convinced that the world is moving to a cloudier chaos than ever before. Maybe it's the paw marks on the desk; maybe it's just that veal and mushroom pie that has been keeping step with us all the way back from lunch.

Whatever the cause, the effects are such that we suddenly feel shocked, not only by the problems set before us, but also by the answers we give. In fact, if we were a little more sure of ourselves we might even steal outside to telephone to see whether there isn't somebody else here doing it all for us.

But we know that were we to find ourselves answering from the other end of the telephone we'd probably hang up without waiting to find out how they'd managed to fool us all this time.

Also, it might upset our theories about the fairies believed to be haunting these old-fashioned, smoke-blackened rafters. We know there is a rat in the

wash-room—and no cracks, please—but, unless Uncle Joe has let the cat out of the bag, we can't explain the paw marks except by denying everything and blaming the fairies.

We thought the fairies might prove their existence by doing a spot of work, but the only thing we found after leaving a few of our most troublesome problems lying about overnight, was a note that said:

Dear sir,—I don't like touching the papers on your desk, but, seeing all them paw marks, I had to do something. I put the papers in the basket. But the paw marks won't come off, no matter how hard I rubs. Not that I don't think there is something funny going on neither.—Yours, CLEANER.

P.S.—I have put that letter from Mr. McKellar on top. If you don't mind me saying as much, I think you ought to put him out of his misery.

P.P.S.—Re Mr. McKellar. If you don't know what to say, which isn't likely, begging your pardon, tell him to thank his lucky stars he hasn't been found out and dragged by the hair to the altar. Tell him he won't find no sex appeal growing on the mountains and there ain't no love lost down the lanes when it's raining—Your experienced CLEANER.

So we turned reluctantly to the letter from Mr. David Alastair McKellar, of Glasgow, S.4, knowing full well that it has

been haunting us for weeks. It was one of those letters that we hoped would be answered by the fairies, for we never did know enough about sex appeal to discuss the matter with anybody but the rector.

We hear that the business is occasionally mentioned in films devoted to a hero with soft eyes, black, curly hair and the build of a piano mover, and a heroine who has sufficient curves to give the situation piquancy. We have been told, too, that the tender theme has also been useful in a few cases when novelists and short-story writers have had difficulty in tying up the loose ends of their plots. Yet Alastair has to come to us, crankin' in to our party as excited as a Chinese laundryman with a firecracker in his pants, full of questions about things we had to find out for ourselves.

"Why is it," he asks, "that some men whose profiles are comparable only to door mats that have been left out all night, should arouse such feelings of deep joy in members of the opposite sex?

"Why is it, too, that I can tramp the lanes for hours in the rain without finding a maiden in distress, that I can wear out my shoes climbing mountains, blunt razor blades on my downy cheeks, yet still look like nothing but what I am—a poor product of this hot-house civilisation?"

Actually Mr. McKellar might learn a lot from the sceptical Mr. B. J. Perkins, of London, W.5., who says that when he told several girl friends that he had recently become friendly with a man they ought to know, they answered thus:—

The athletic girl—what can he do?
The chorus girl—how much has he got?
The literary girl—what does he read?
The bachelor girl—is he married?
The religious girl—what church does he go to?
The stenographer—where is he?

That ought to mean quite a lot, even to Mr. McKellar, who doesn't know the half of it yet.

For Your Amusement

CLUES ACROSS

1. Should be place of importance.
7. Not homeward bound.
13. Only avoided by the infallible.
14. Glutinous and granular substance.
15. Less than thin man.
16. Small candles.
17. Surround.
18. From an author no doubt (abbreviation).
19. Confection from 37 down.
21. Ceased to stand.
22. Trap for the unwary.
25. Common progenitor.
26. Free entertainments.
28. French article.
29. Shorewise.
32. Feminine counterpart of 28.
34. Alter probably with improvement.
36. Go to Malay for this.
38. Gracefully flexible.
40 Pudding stuff.
41. This is that is in short.
42. Measure of time.
43. Natural defensive weapons.
44. No ordinary chambers.
45. Odds one way or the other perhaps.

CLUES DOWN

1. This is just heavenly.
2. And here is scene of combat.
3. These may or may not be corrupt.
4. A sacred Isle.
5. A lock.
6. Concurs.
7. Supposed to make braw Scots.
8. Poisonous tree.
9. Possibly for services rendered.
10. Basis of tragedy.
11. Biting and pungent.
12. A rogue of a fellow.
20. To come forth.
23. Skill.
24. Certainly not in the forefront.
27. Smooth and perhaps glossy.
30. A storming.
31. Admire greatly.
33. Busy little things.
35. This adds distinctive flavour.
36. Familiar name for feline creature.
37. Dainty, perhaps fastidious.
39. Disfigure or damage.
40. Includes all the items.
43. In town and to-night.

P	E	R	C	O	L	A	T	E		I	D	L	E	R
L	E	A	N	E	D		D	E	N	I	A	L		
O	B	A	N		A	V	A	I	L		S	P	A	N
N	O	R	D		P	E	T	T	I	N	E	S	S	
S	W	A	L	E		N		T	E	N	E	T	S	
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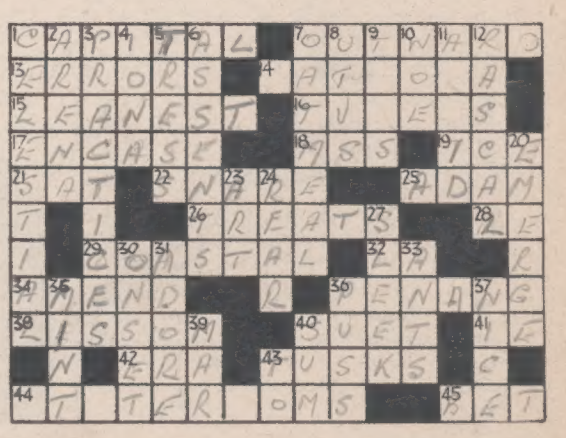
T	O	M		R		U		A		P	R	I	C	E
S	P	I	N	N	E	R	S		A	N				
	E	R	O	S		E	N	T	R	E	N	C	H	
	R	A	N		T	R	U	E		C	H	O	P	
B	A	L	E	S		S	T	R	I	F	E		P	

Solution to last week's puzzle



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Published by ODHAMS PRESS, Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Printed in Great Britain by the SUN ENGRAVING CO., LTD., London and Watford. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second class matter May 17, 1929, at the New York Post Office. Agents for the Colonies: For Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; for Canada, Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd.

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P.S. GOLDEN CIRCLE 12-3-38

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Weak Heart, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Gout, etc.

The Great Biological Remedy

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound."
"My doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Blood is the Elixir of Life—or Death!

Vital, wholesome, bio-chemically balanced blood is the physical basis of all healing; it rebuilds, repairs, nourishes and regenerates the millions upon millions of tissue-cells of which the body is composed. Poor, anæmic or poisoned blood, or a stagnating blood stream (bad circulation), on the other hand, just as surely reverses these vital processes; breaking down and destroying the tissues and producing those states which we call disease. The one indisputable fact which emerges from the vast mass of therapeutic theory current to-day is that a sound circulation and prophylactic blood constitute the basis of life and health.

Healthy Blood—The Basis of all Healing!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy, and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Elasto dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and debilitated fabric of veins, arteries and heart and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health.*

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

The Fruits of Years of Biological Research

Elasto is not a "mushroom" remedy, it was not invented overnight; it crystallises the researches of eminent physiologists, pathologists, and physiological chemists over a long period and is prepared with great skill and with a careful regard for scientific detail by highly trained men possessing a special knowledge of the properties and functions of the blood.

For All "Passing Show" Readers

FREE ☛

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★
ELASTO (Dept. 152), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

THE host of crippling disabilities due to bad circulation are literally swept out of the system by a free-flowing stream of new, vital blood, because Elasto restores bio-chemical balance to the blood, muscular tone to the heart, and elasticity to veins and arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue and it is absorbed *directly* into the blood stream thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! You will notice *Elasto does not enter the stomach.* This remarkable fact partly explains its amazing effectiveness. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.

There are no substitutes for Elasto. Beware of imitations.

COUPON for Free Trial Sample of Elasto

The Great Blood Revitaliser

ELASTO (Dept. 152) Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS.....

Passing Show, 12/3/38. .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

WORLD'S RECORD TESTIMONIAL?

GRATEFUL WOMAN'S 750 WORDS OF UNSOLICITED PRAISE FOR

Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets

WHAT greater evidence can be advanced of the value of "Yeast-Vite" in the daily lives of everybody than this eloquent letter?

Dear Sirs,—I wish to add my testimony to your already huge list of testimonials from all parts.

"Nervous Breakdown"

Last August I had a complete Nervous Breakdown which had been threatening me for some months. But I struggled on. On coming down one morning I found I could not carry on any longer.

I told my husband that I would try "Yeast-Vite." After the first dose I felt refreshed, and by the end of the week I was better than I had been for three or four years. In fact people said as I met them, "Hello, you do look well. Been on Holiday?"

"Dreaded A Holiday"

The fact that I had not had a holiday for 17 years made the wonder greater. Really, I dreaded a holiday because only to ride or walk far gave me dreadful headaches and I was even beginning to dread talking to people.

It was a lucky thing for me I was able to make such a rapid recovery, for that week I was offered some work, which had I not been able to do would have meant a loss to us.

"Relatives' Enthusiasm"

Some relatives of my husband visited me and when they knew all about my case they were not content until they had tried "Yeast-Vite." (I could write sheet after sheet if I told you all the little episodes in which your tablets were mentioned and recommended.)

I went for a holiday with them, the first time since my honeymoon, and taking care had a bottle of "Yeast-Vite" with me. I had a lovely fortnight. When I left there were four different lots of "Yeast-Vite" in the house, besides mine. My brother-in-law said, "You're a perfect angel of health to have brought us these tablets—and you are a wonderful testimony to them."

"Oh! For A 'Yeast-Vite'"

I must tell you one more incident in connection with this holiday of mine. It was spent in South Wales and I came home by boat. I am an awful sailor and I forgot I had used up all my "Yeast-Vite" Tablets until I came to the dock, when I discovered the empty bottle in my bag.

There was no time to get more, so I had to put up with it. At the end of the journey I was feeling very unwell, and as we sat having a cup of tea in one of the teashops on the front I said to my friends, "Oh, for a 'Yeast-Vite'—that would put me right for the rest of my journey."

"The Good Samaritan"

Imagine my astonishment when a lady sitting by my side turned to me and said, "Do you mean to say you have found benefit from 'Yeast-Vite'? If so, and you would like some, please help yourself from my bottle." Of course, I was delighted and the whole room full of people were soon talking of "Yeast-Vite." The dose I had from the lady soon put me steady and I journeyed home without a headache.

I cannot enumerate all the people I have spoken to about "Yeast-Vite" Tablets.

"Husband's Influenza"

My husband found relief when he had influenza a week or so back.

It was "Yeast-Vite" that gave him sleep when one night he lay all night unable to sleep. I knew they would do him good and persuaded him to try just one dose, which he did. The next morning his temperature was normal. He had slept well and when he awoke he spoke of how fresh he felt. He has mentioned "Yeast-Vite" to many people and of the good it did him.

"Friend's Headache & Debility"

I had a friend come to see me one day and he began to speak of the various remedies for headache, and how his wife had used so many that he would not allow her to take any more. I told him of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and he wouldn't believe they could benefit her, but when my husband said how I had been he said he would get her to try them. He did, and the result was not merely relief, but they completely banished her headaches and debility.

"Advice To All Women"

I fully recommend all women to take "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. They are wonderful and I can never speak too highly of them. Only women like myself, a woman with a family demanding all her energies, know the real benefit of keeping absolutely fit in mind and body to be able to meet all emergencies.

Forgive me if I tire you, but I had to write to you. Again expressing my gratitude.

I am, yours truly, J. S., N. Devon.

Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-